SCREAM

T.M.

OCTOBER 1973 47821 75¢

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

LADY SATAN

EVIL ORIGIN ISSUE

LADY SATAN

...this is her MACABRE ORIGIN ISSUE...

. . . this lithe-limbed beautiful black character before your eyes is not ONE woman but TWO . . . in 1973, NOW, she is the girl ANNE JACKSON—sweet, and innocent, mature in her sexual and feminine liberation, secure in her attitude and adjustments to these hard times, yet naive as the feminine mystique DEMANDS . . .

. . . yet WITHIN her is ANOTHER . . . of another TIME, a black and horrid era . . . a rotting reincarnate MIND that once was burned at the stake when accused and convicted of WITCH-CRAFT—LADY SATAN . . . QUEEN ANNE, THE BLACK WITCH OF SALEM . . . long DEAD and long thought BURIED . . . but her macabre ENERGIES sustained her foul mind over centuries until NOW, when only by wretched accident, she comes to possess the mind of one ANNE JACKSON—and two MINDS and HEARTS of opposite bent BATTLE for control of a single BODY . . .

. . . how can GOOD triumph over such a depraved vampire-witch as LADY SATAN ? Yet—how can EVIL win control of one as innocent as ANNE JACKSON . . . perhaps . . . perhaps NEITHER will win out straight-away . . . perhaps the gods will let them decide the victor themselves . .. and if so, the tale we tell will be a LONG and DRAMATIC one . . .

. . . LADY SATAN is the creation of ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON and RANCID RICARDO VILLAMONTE and she makes her debut in this special origin issue . . . her continuing chapters will be featured in every issue of SCREAM to follow . . . chapter one of the LADY SATAN saga begins . . . on page 4 . . . to begin our second volume of SCREAM . . .

. . . NOSFERATU presents SINNER CANE . . . THE NAME MEANS EVIL . . . illustrated by ZESAR, this is CHAPER TWO of the comic creation that is so popular it is being translated for syndication in European countries . . . see page 58 . . .

. . . ALSO IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . on page 48 . . . THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI . . . by Sinister SUSO . . . a junket up the murky Mississippi is the screenplay for this macabre and unusual narrative about a stern-wheeler which throws up dead and rotting corpses upon its decks . . .

. . . THE THING IN THE BLACK DRESS . . . our cover story . . . on page 23 . . . the first in a series of GOTHIC FAIRY TALES . . .

. . . THE VAMPIRE LETTERS . . . introduces artist EMILIO to the MOOD-TEAM with a simple little story of a man and a woman in love . . . 'till death do NOT them part . . . page 37 . . .

. . . artist DELA ROSA produced I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HIRE on page 13 . . . a noxious fable of one man's accident and another man's crime . . . and a third man's PREMATURE INTERMENT in the city MORGUE . . .

. . . and there's more . . . MUCH MORE . . . as soon as you lean back and begin to leer elsewhere within this weird edition of tales scripted to make you SCREAM . . .

. . . for your HORROR-MOOD entertainment . . .

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

NUMBER TWO

. . . SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION . . .

. . . introducing in this SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE . . .

the saga of LADY SATAN—THE MACABRE BEGINNING

PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

— EDITED AND WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON —

. . . COVER ARTIST . . . MIRALLES

. . . STORY ARTISTS . . . MAELO CINTRON DELA ROSA — DOMINGO — EMILIO

MARO NAVA — SUSO — VILLAMONTE — ZESAR

center-fold pin-up pull-out—THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

. . . in this issue a blockbuster story by EDGAR ALLAN POE

—an exciting experiment in COMIC GRAPHICS

THE THING IN THE BLACK DRESS

. . WELCOME TO **SCREAM #2**. . .
I'M YOUR ARCHAIC≡CHOKE≡HOST
TO THE WEIRD **HORRORS** HEREIN!

. . . THERE ARE **10** TALES OF THE **MACABRE**
IN THIS ISSUE. . . BUT **FIRST FLIP** THE PAGE TO
LADY SATAN FOR THE BIRTH OF
A BRAND NEW **HORROR HEROINE!**

I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HIRE

THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS

THE THING THAT LEFT NO FINGERPRINTS

EDGAR A. POE'S the PIT and the PENDULUM

THE VAMPIRE LETTERS

...THE NAME IS SINNER CANE... AND THE NAME MEANS EVIL!

NOSFERATU...CHAPTER TWO...

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THIS GIRL; THIS SWEET, INNOCENT WOMAN, THIS BEAUTIFUL BLACK BOMBSHELL MIGHT LOOK (ALMOST) LIKE ANY OTHER GIRL AT THE MOMENT...
...BUT SHE IS NOT JUST ANY GIRL... SHE IS A HEROINE, AND A VICTIM, A LOSER, AT ONCE EVIL AND RIGHTEOUS, ALTOGETHER IMMORAL YET AMORAL...
...SHE IS ONLY ANNE JASON AT THE MOMENT... BUT SHORTLY, SOMETIME TONIGHT SHE WILL BE...
LADY SATAN
...AND HERE STARTS HER ADVENTURES...
- CHAPTER I -
the MACABRE BEGINNING
...BUT TONIGHT ISN'T HERE YET, AND NOW THE GIRL, ANNE JASON IS WRAPPED UP IN DEEP THOUGHT...
...I'VE BEEN WASTING MYSELF FOR THE LAST 23 YEARS...
...EITHER THAT OR... JUST GROWING UP ONE OR THE OTHER...
...ALL THAT MATTERS IS...THAT NOW I'VE COME TO A POINT IN MY LIFE...I FEEL I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING WITH MYSELF...
...FAMILIAR THOUGHTS... -- THEY ARE TO MOST OF US AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER...
...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ME THAT MAKES ME DIFFERENT FROM MY FRIENDS...
...I FEEL I DON'T BELONG IN 1973...

THINKING OUT LOUD ANNE?
WHAT DEEP-DARK THOUGHTS?
YES... I SUPPOSE SO...
...I'M JUST WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF...
YOU?
...THE GIRL VOTED MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED...THE GIRL EVERY OTHER GIRL AT VASSAR WANTED TO EMULATE...PRIZE SPORTSWOMAN... HONOR STUDENT... ...YOU WONDER WHAT TO DO WITH YOURSELF?
...I GUESS I'LL GET A JOB!
WHAT FOR? YOUR PARENTS LEFT YOU A FORTUNE...
YES...BUT I'M NOT THE JET-SET TYPE OR...THE HIPPY-TYPE...
C'MON, ANNE, LET'S DRIVE INTO SALEM FOR A LOOK-SEE...YOU PROMISED TO TAKE A FULL MONTH TO JUST DRIVE AROUND AND SEE THE NEW ENGLAND SIGHTS...
WORRY ABOUT TOMORROW LATER...

WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS BERENICE?
I DUNNO... TOURIST ATTRACTION I SUPPOSE... THE PEOPLE OF SALEM HAVE FIXED UP THEIR TOWN LIKE IT WAS HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO DURING THE WITCH TRIALS!
...IT IS... HER...
WHAT? ME?
DRAG HER HERE... OUR PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED... ANNE, THE WITCH-QUEEN IS RETURNED FROM THE DEAD PAST...
GO ON, ANNE, GO ON... THEY WANT YOU TO JOIN-IN...
...BUT... HOW DID THEY KNOW MY NAME?
...BLACK QUEEN OF SALEM WITCHES... WERE YOU NOT CONTENT WITHIN YOUR GRAVE... MUST YOU RETURN TO TAUNT US?
...BLACK ANNE... WIFE OF SATAN... WHY DID YOU RETURN WHEN WE BANISHED YOU FROM OUR MIDST CENTURIES AGO?
...MY HEAD... I... I...

...GET AWAY FROM ME... LEAVE ME BE...
...SHE TURNS INTO A DEMON...
...LET ME BE... OR I'LL SET ALL THE DEMONS IN HELL AGAINST YOU!!
TIE HER TO THE STAKE! SHE MUST BE BURNED AGAIN!
LUCIFER, OUYAR, CHAMERON, ALISEON, MANDOUSIN, PREMY, ORIET, NAYDRUS, ESMONY, ESPARINESONT...
GOOD LORD... SHE'S FOR REAL...
ANNE... ANNE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
ARE YOU NOT AFRAID?
ANNE!
NOT I BLACK ANNE...
I AM YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT...NOW... AS I WAS THEN!

QUIET HER... THEN LEAD ME TO YOUR ALTAR...
YES, MISTRESS...
I AM ANNE REINCARNATE... MY MIND IS BOUND TO THIS EARTH BY ENERGIES SUSPENDED IN THE CORRUPT AIR... THE PERFORMANCE TONIGHT SO SHOCKED THE GIRL WHOSE BODY I NOW INHABIT!
HOW IS IT YOU LIVE?
...DO YOU NOW INHABIT HER BODY PERMANENTLY MISTRESS?
SO LONG AS I WISH...
...ONCE AGAIN I AM DRESSED AS A QUEEN DRESSES...
...NOW I WILL RENEW MY PLEDGE TO THE MASTER AND TAKE MY PLACE BY HIS SIDE...
...THESE WERE HER... I MEAN... YOUR ROBES, QUEEN ANNE...
...MY ROBES... YES...
...AS THE...
BRIDE OF SATAN...

LISTEN TO ME WHELP...
HOW MANY ARE IN THIS COVEN?
...THIRTEEN MISTRESS...
GATHER THEM...TONIGHT I CALL UP THE MASTER!
...TONIGHT... I MARRY...
AS FAR AS WE WERE CONCERNED IT WAS AN ACT... WE LEARNED HER NAME FROM THE HOTEL REGISTER...
...IT'S A GIMMICK WE PULL OFF REGULARLY...
...THEN THE WHOLE THING WAS AN ACT!
BUT...BUT... THE NAME ANNE... THE BLACK WITCH-QUEEN...
ONLY A COINCIDENCE... THO' THERE WAS A VERY FAMOUS ANN...
...BUT THE DEMONS...
...THE DEMONS WERE OF HER OWN CONCOCTION... NOT OURS...

THO' THE WITCH TRIALS WERE A FARCE AND THE ACCURSED WERE NO MORE WITCHES THAN YOU OR I, THERE WAS ACTUALLY A CULT WHO BELIEVED IN IT...
...BUT THEY WERE NEVER BROUGHT TO TRIAL OR EXECUTED... THEY WERE LED BY A MYSTERIOUS BLACK WITCH CALLED ANNE...
...BUT SHE WAS NOT A YOUNG WOMAN LIKE YOUR FRIEND...SHE WAS A HAG...IT IS SAID, SHE WAS SO PITIFULLY UGLY SHE COULD BEWITCH IF YOU AS MUCH AS LOOKED AT HER...
I'VE GOT TO FIND ANNE...WHERE DO I LOOK?
...IN THOSE HILLS. IN 1973 THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO PRACTICE WITCHCRAFT...
...THEY EMULATE THE OLD ONES AND HAVE A CAVE UP THERE NOT FAR AWAY...

...AN UNHOLY CHANT BEGINS...
...EMPEROR LUCIFER...
...MASTER OF ALL THE REVOLTED SPIRITS...
...I ENTREAT THEE, O COUNT ASTAROT...
...BE PROPITIOUS TO ME...
...GRANT AN APPEARANCE TO ME IN THY HUMAN FORM...
OH, GRAND LUCIFER...
I PRAY THEE TO QUIT THY DWELLING AND COME HITHER TO ME...
MASTER LUCIFER... I GREET THEE... LOVER... MASTER... MONSTER...
Ricardo Villamonte

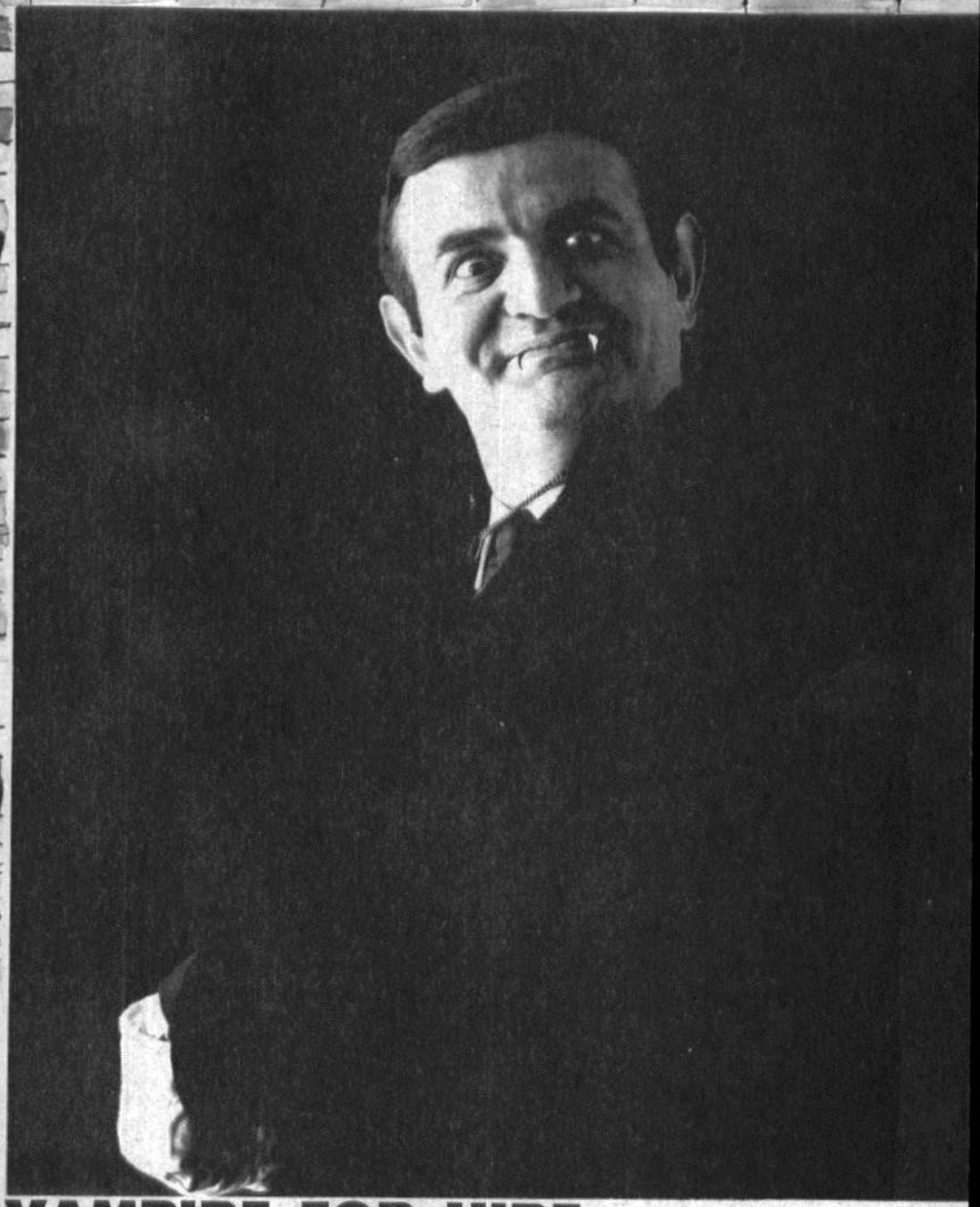
COME ASIDE, CHILD... BEFORE WE WED... AWAY FROM THE OTHERS...
YOU KNOW WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A BRIDE OF SATAN?
I DO... I HAVE LONGED FOR THIS NIGHT LONG CENTURIES...
...THEN... LET US BE WED...
...I PLEDGE THEE MY SOUL MY LORD...
THAT'S ANNE'S VOICE... ANNE...
...I THINK THAT'S ANNE... SHE LOOKS STRANGE, SOMEHOW...
WHAT IS IT YOU DO?
I AM NOT YOURS... THE WITCH THAT CO-INHABITS MY BODY IS YOURS... BUT NOT I... NOT I...
...WHAT IS IT I DO? IS MY BODY INHABITED BY ANOTHER?... AM I HAUNTED?

IT'S A TRICK... THIS NIGHT YOU WILL REGRET...
I WANT TO LIVE... I WILL NOT LET HER-WITHIN-ME COMMIT ME TO THIS MARRIAGE...
...WHETHER PLANNED OF HER OWN MIND OR NOT, ANNE RUNS...
OH GOD, SAVE ME...
...AND WHETHER PLANNED OF FATE OR SATAN SHE SLIPS ON THE ROPE LADDER AND MISSES HER FOOTING...
...FALLING TO HER DEATH...
ANNE IS DEAD, WITHIN HER THE ENERGIES THAT ARE EVIL NOW ARE DORMANT AND ARE ALSO PRESUMED DEAD...
THUS... LADY SATAN, BRIDE OF THE GRAND LUCIFER, IS ALSO DEAD...
...THIS BEGINNING MAY SEEM MORE LIKE AN END TO ANNE JACKSON-LADY SATAN BEFORE SHE BEGINS HER RE-BIRTH... BUT WE SAID IT WAS A MACABRE BEGINNING... FOR ONE-WITHIN IS NOT DEAD... AS NEXT WE SHALL LEARN THE ORIGIN OF LADY SATAN...
...AND WITNESS IN HORROR THE RE-BIRTH OF WHO WE NOW THINK IS DEAD IN:
WHAT IS EVIL and WHAT IS NOT?

...THIS IS THE TALE OF ***STANLEY THE VAMPIRE***...IT MAY ***SEEM*** LIKE A FUNNY STORY AT THE ***START***... BUT AS IT WILL SOON BE SEEN, IT ISN'T FUNNY AT ***ALL***...

"...I AM ***WRETCHED*** NOW THAT IT IS ALL OVER AND ***DONE*** WITH; I HAVE MY ***PRICE*** TO ***PAY*** TO ***SOCIETY*** AND PAY IT I ***WILL***... BUT HOW WAS ***I*** TO KNOW THAT SUCH AN ***INNOCENT POSTER*** WOULD LEAD TO MY...***PRESENT***... KIND OF... LIFE... HOW WAS ***I*** TO KNOW THAT A POSTER-ADVERTISEMENT SAYING THAT...

I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HIRE



VAMPIRE FOR HIRE

...WOULD LEAD ME TO WHAT I AM ***NOW***..."

...MMMH...THIS MAY ***SEEM*** NOTHING MORE THAN A ***GIMMICK***... BUT...

...BUT...I THINK I CAN ***USE*** THIS GUY TO MY ***OWN ADVANTAGE***...

DE LA ROSA

. . . LOTS OF FUN AT PARTIES . . . LET ME SCARE YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS RIG OUT OF THEIR MINDS . . . TOTAL FUN . . . TOTAL LAUGHTER GUARANTEED . . . I AL SING, DANCE, DO IMPRESSIONS OF FAMOUS DEAD P E O P L E, PERFORM COM ROUTINES AND MINGLE WITH YOUR GUESTS . . . CALL ME FOR FREE ESTIMATE .

...SO STARTED MY TALE ON THAT AWFUL FEBRUARY MORNING WHEN ***ONE*** MAN OUT OF ***THOUSANDS*** WHO SAW MY SIGN DECIDED HE COULD ***USE*** MY ***TALENTS***... BUT NOT FOR THE PURPOSE THAT ***I*** INTENDED... BUT FOR ***HIS*** PURPOSES... HIS ***HIGHLY IRREGULAR PURPOSES***...

...EXCUSE ME... I SAW YOUR POSTER-AD AND I'D...
COME RIGHT IN... COMERIGHTIN... PLEASE...
...AH... MY NAME IS WATSON AND I'D...
VAMPIRE FOR HIRE
WATSON... MY GOD... NOT THE DR. WATSON OH MY GOD ALREADY... ...I ADMIRED YOUR CO-OPERATION WITH HOLMES FOR YEARS SIR...
...DON'T BE RIDICULOUS... I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO BE FUNNY BUT...
TRYING TO BE FUNNY? TRYING?? SIR I DON'T HAVE TO TRY I AM A NATURAL-BORN GENIUS AT BEING FUNNY...
LOOK I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ALL THIS...
TIME? YOU SAY YOU WANT THE TIME?... 3 HAIRS PAST A FRECKLE...
...OH MY GOD...
...I DON'T OWN A WATCH YOU SEE... I OWNED A WATCH ONCE UPON A TIME THO...
...GET IT?... HAHAHAHAHA...
...BUT I HADDA GIVE IT AWAY WHEN THE CUCKOO JOINED A UNION AND DEMANDED TIME-AND-A-HALF OVERTIME PAY...
...GOD I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE... THIS GUY IS A NUT...
...HEY...
ALRIGHTALREADY I CAN TAKE A SUBTLE HINT... HOW CAN I HELP YOU?...
WILL YOU BE SERIOUS FOR A MINUTE?...
YES BUT ONLY FOR A MINUTE SO SPEAK FAST...
...I SAW YOUR AD AND I WANT TO EMPLOY YOU FOR A PARTY I'M THROWING AT MY SUMMER COTTAGE NEXT WEEK...

...DO YOU WANT THE VAMPIRE BIT OR WHAT?
YES... I THINK THAT'S A GREAT IDEA... WE CAN HAVE YOU HIDING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW AND THEN SMASH THROUGH THE WINDOW AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT AND SCARE EVERYBODY OUT OF THEIR WITS...
STANLEY VAMPIRE FOR HIRE
...SMASH THROUGH A WINDOW?...
YES I THINK IT'LL ADD TO THE REALISM... ...WE'LL USE A FAKE WINDOW OF COURSE... I'LL HAVE PHONY GLASS RIGGED UP... BUT IT'LL LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING ALRIGHT...
WELL THAT'S... JUST... FINE... MY FEE IS $100 FOR THE NIGHT...
...A HUNDRED..? ...NOT ENOUGH!..I'LL GIVE YOU $200 IF YOU DELIVER A LOT OF LAUGHS...
...WELL... WE'VE GOT A DEAL THEN...
...I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER... ANYBODY THAT OFFERS $200 FOR A JOB ONLY WORTH $100 HAS EITHER GOT TO BE A NUT ...OR HAVE AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE... BUT I DIDN'T EVEN THINK OF THAT THEN... AS I WATCHED THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE COTTAGE... ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS THE LAUGHS I WAS GONNA GET...
...IT WAS A STRANGE KIND OF A PARTY ...I FIGURED EVERYBODY WOULD BE LAUGHING AND WHOOPING IT UP BUT INSTEAD EVERYBODY JUST SAT AROUND LOOKING DEAD, HARDLY EVEN SPEAKING TO ONE ANOTHER...

...I GOT BORED SITTING OUTSIDE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS THE RIGHT TIME TO MAKE MY ENTRANCE AND DECIDED THAT ANY TIME WAS AS GOOD AS ANY...
Aaaaargh!
...AAH!...
...OH GOD...
...UUU... MY HEART...

HA! I COME TO KILL!
MY GOD WHAT IS IT.
...GOD... SOMEONE HELP ME...
...SOME... KIIND OF VAMPIRE
...SOMEONE HELP ME...
I'LL PROTECT YOU ALL!
FOOL... YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO DIE...
...UHHH...
HA HA... PATHETIC MORTAL...
...YOU ARE NOTHING AGAINST MY POWER...
...I'M... DYING...
NOW... YOU ARE NEXT...
GOD NO... PLEASE... NO...

AAAARGH!
...WHAT'S... WRONG WITH HIM?...
...HE'S...
...DEAD...
...HUH?...
...HE'S WHAT?...
...HE'S DEAD... HEART ATTACK...
...MY FATHER-IN-LAW IS DEAD...
...THE POLICE CAME AND QUESTIONED ME... QUESTIONED EVERYBODY... IT WAS A TRAGIC ACCIDENT THEY SAID... A TERRIBLE COINCIDENCE I SAID TO MYSELF, THAT AN OLD MAN WITH A WEAK HEART SHOULD BE PRESENT DURING MY SET-UP 'SCARE' PERFORMANCE... IF YOU ASK ME IT WAS ONE HELLUVIA COINCIDENCE...

...I FOUND OUT THE OLD MAN LEFT HIS SON-IN-LAW A MINT IN HIS WILL... IT DIDN'T TAKE TOO MANY BRAINS TO FIGURE OUT THAT I'D BEEN USED... THAT THE WHOLE THING WAS A PLOT BY WATSON TO INHERIT HIS WAY INTO A FORTUNE...
...I HADDA FIGURE OUT SOMEWAY OF BRINGING THE MURDERER TO JUSTICE... GET HIM TO ADMIT TO HIS PLOT TO THE POLICE... BEING A GUY OF GREAT... ER... IMAGINATION... I FIGURED OUT A PLAN THAT WOULD EXPOSE WATSON FOR WHAT HE WAS... AND SET IT INTO OPERATION THE MORNING OF THE FUNERAL AT THE MORTUARY...
...I... ...LOVED THAT OLD MAN... HE WAS A GOOD FATHER TO SYLVIANNE AND A FRIEND TO ME... ... WE SHALL ALL MISS HIS PASSING...
...NOW I THINK... UUU... ...MY HAND...
WHY... ...DID YOU... MURDER ME?...

WHAT? WHAT? WHAT IS THIS?
WHY DID YOU MURDER ME... ...WAS I NOT GOOD TO YOU? ARE YOU SO EVIL THAT YOU NEEDED TO MURDER ME FOR MY MONEY?...
ARE YOU MAD? ... HAVE YOU GONE OUT OF YOUR MIND?
...HUH?...
WHAT KIND OF A DOUBLE-CROS IS THIS?
...DOUBLE-CROSS?...
...YOU SENILE, STUPID OLD IDIOT... ...YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!!!...
HEY... WHAT IS THIS?...
OUR PLAN... ...TO GET ALL THAT MONEY OF YOURS QUICKLY CLEARED FROM PAPER INTO CASH SO WE COULD INVEST IN THE NEW HOUS PROJECT...
IN PACE
...THIS OLD FOOL WAS SUPPOSED TO PLAY DEAD SO WE COLD TRANSFER HOLDINGS INTO CASH THAT WOULD NORMALLY TAKE MONTHS...
...OLD JERK... ...OLD IDIOT...
...HE FORGOT WHY HE WAS PLAYING DEAD!!...

...PLAYING DEAD?..
...I AM...NOT THE OLD MAN...
...THE OLD MAN I THOUGHT...WAS DEAD...
...I THOUGHT YOU'D USED ME TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME...
I...TOOK THE PLACE OF THE CORPSE...
...APPLIED THIS PHONEY MAKE-UP...THIS DISGUISE...TO TRAP YOU INTO CONFESSING YOUR CRIME...
...COME WITH ME...
BUT MY FATHER-IN-LAW...
...WHERE IS MY FATHER-IN-LAW? HE WAS ONLY UNDER DRUGS TO FAKE DEATH...
...WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY FATHER-IN-LAW?...

...I PUT HIM IN THERE THIS MORNING...
...OH GOD... ...HE'S FROZEN TO DEATH...
...I'D FIGURED THE BEST PLACE TO PUT A CORPSE WAS IN A FROZEN PLACE LIKE THIS WHERE HE WOULD REMAIN... AVAILABLE... UNTIL I'D CLEARED HIS GOOD NAME... BUT THE POLICE DIDN'T AGREE... I WAS CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER AND AM NOW SERVING 8 TO 10 IN THE STATE PEN FOR FREEZING A MAN TO DEATH...
... AT LEAST I HAD ONE SMALL COMFORT... THEY FOUND THE SON-IN-LAW GUILTY OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER... EXECUTED HIM... THE IRONY OF IT ALL WAS, THEY PUT HIM INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AND... HE BURNED...

...THIS...IS A FAIRY TALE...#1 IN A SERIES WHICH WE CALL:

GOTHIC FAIRY TALES: THE THING IN THE BLACK DRESS

...ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS AN AGING OLD WOMAN WHO WAS BECOMING TOO OLD TO REMAIN THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IN THE TOWN OF DRAKK, AUSTRIA... SO SHE PACKED UP HER BELONGINGS AND BEGAN TO WALK...
SU SO 73
...ONCE SHE HAD BEEN VERY BEAUTIFUL ...ONCE, WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG... SHE IS STILL BEAUTIFUL, BUT CANNOT COMPE - TE WITH YOUNGER GIRLS FOR THE SOCIAL STATUS OF BEING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION, WHICH WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN HER LIFE...

...WE BEGIN AS THE OLD WOMAN ENTERS THE SOMEWHAT DISTANT VILLAGE OF GARG, TRANSYLVANIA, WHERE SHE HOPES SHE CAN REGAIN HER RIGHTFUL POSITION AS THE QUEEN OF SOCIETY...

...HAVING ONCE ALREADY **BEEN** THE QUEEN OF SOCIETY THE KNOWS HOW TO GO ABOUT ACHIEVING IT AGAIN... AND SO JOINS EVERY SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN TOWN...

...SHE QUICKLY RISES THE SOCIAL LADDER, AND SOON SHE IS EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTED TO BE: THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION...

...BUT SHE IS NOT NUMBER ONE... THERE IS **ANOTHER** WOMAN WHO HOLDS THE NUMBER **ONE** POSITION ...A MUCH **YOUNGER** WOMAN MUCH MORE **ATTRACTIVE** TO **MEN,** ON WHOM THE OLDER WOMAN IS NOT HAVING MUCH EFFECT...

KIND? WHAT DO YOU MEAN... **KIND** OF WOMAN...
I...DON'T WANT TO **FALSELY ACCUSE** HER OF ANYTHING WITHOUT **PROOF**... I'LL GET THAT PROOF **TONIGHT** AND GIVE IT TO YOU...
...THEN YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN...

...AND SHE FINDS SHE HAS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO **DISPOSE** OF THE OTHER WOMAN...

I DON'T LIKE HER...
WHYEVER NOT? SHE'S A PERFECTLY **WONDERFUL** PERSON...
...THERE'S SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT HER... I'VE SEEN HER **KIND** OF WOMAN BEFORE...

...THE OLD WOMAN SPENT A LOT OF TIME ***THINKING*** THAT NIGHT ABOUT HOW SHE COULD FRAME THE YOUNGER WOMAN...SHE REALIZED THAT THE ***WORST ACCUSATION*** SHE COULD MAKE WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ***SUPERSTITIOUS*** ATTITUDES OF THE LOCAL VILLAGERS... SHE REALIZED THE ***BEST INSINUATION*** SHE COULD MAKE WAS THAT THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS A ***VAMPIRE***... FOR THE VILLAGERS WERE IN PERPETUAL FEAR OF VAMPIRES, AND WOULD KILL ANYONE EVEN ***RUMORED*** TO BE ONE...

...IN THE MORNING SHE SET HER PLAN INTO EFFECT...

...IN HER VERY ***BACKYARD***... ***NOW*** WE KNOW WHY WE NEVER SEE HER OUTSIDE DURING ***DAYLIGHT***...
WE DON'T?
SAY... THAT'S ***RIGHT***... SHE ***SLEEPS*** DURING THE DAY... CLAIMS SHE NEEDS A LOT OF ***BEAUTY*** SLEEP...

...THE OLD WOMAN TOOK FULL ***ADVANTAGE*** OF THIS COINCIDENCE AND EXPLOITED THE FACTS AND ***TWISTED*** THEM TILL IT BECAME ***OBVIOUS*** THAT HER 'RIVAL' ***WAS*** IN FACT... A ***VAMPIRE***...

...SHE LED THE OTHERS INSIDE THE HOUSE OF HER 'VICTIM' AND CONFRONTED THE POOR WOMAN...

WAKE UP ***VAMPIRE***... ...WE FOUND THE ***BODY***...
BODY? WHAT BODY?
...THE ***BODY*** OF THE ITINERANT TRAVELLER THAT YOU ***ATTACKED*** LAST NIGHT AND FOOLISHLY LEFT IN YOUR ***GARDEN***...

A BODY IN MY GARDEN... WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU VAMPIRE...
WHAT?
SHE'S A VAMPIRE... KILL HER!
...THE OLD WOMAN INWARDLY SMILED AS THE OTHERS DEMANDED THE YOUNG SOCIALITE'S DEATH... HER PLAN WAS WORKING...THE BODY OF THE TRAVELLER SHE'D KILLED THE NIGHT BEFORE WAS DAMNING EVIDENCE AND WAS GOING TO BE THE DEATH OF HER YOUNG RIVAL...
KILL THE VAMPIRE...
YES... KILL HER... DRAG HER OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT...
NO... WE MUST DRIVE A STAKE INTO HER HEART...
WE HAVE WAYS OF DOING THINGS AROUND HERE THAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT YET...
...WHEN WE DISCOVER A VAMPIRE... WE KILL THEM BY EXPOSING THEM TO THE SUN'S DEADLY RAYS...
...THAT IS OUR WAY...
SHE IS A VAMPIRE... ...SEE HOW THE SUN DESTROYS HER FLESH?
WHAT IS HAPPENING... CAN IT BE... CAN SHE REALLY BE A VAMPIRE?
AAAAAAAAA
YOU...YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE... ...EVER... EVER SINCE YOU CAME TO TOWN YOU'VE DONE NOTHING BUT MAKE TROUBLE FOR ME... ...I CURSE YOU...
...I... CURSE YOU... YOU... OLD... WITCH...

WITCH... WHAT DID SHE MEAN?
...SHE... DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING... IT WAS JUST A WORD...
...THEN WHY ARE YOU SO NERVOUS...
...OF COURSE THE OLD WOMAN WAS NERVOUS BECAUSE SHE WAS SHOCKED AT THE YOUNG WOMAN BEING THE VAMPIRE SHE'D SAID SHE WAS... BUT SHE COULDN'T TELL THEM THAT... AND SO THE WORD 'WITCH' WHICH THE DYING VAMPIRE USED WAS TAKEN IN ANOTHER CONTEXT ALTOGETHER
...THE SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGERS ACTUALLY THOUGHT THE VAMPIRE HAD MEANT 'WITCH'...
YOU'RE A WITCH?
SURE SHE IS... JUST LOOK AT HER... THE WAY SHE'S DRESSED IN THAT... THAT BLACK DRESS... CONTRIVING TO GET RID OF HER RIVAL FIEND...THE VAMPIRE...
I'M NOT A WITCH I TELL YOU!
DO YOW KNOW WHAT WE DO WITH WITCHES IN THIS VILLAGE?
...I DON'T WANT TO BE BURNED... I'M NOT A WITCH...
YOU ARE A WITCH!! ...NO... WE DON'T BURN WITCHES...
...YOU HANG THEM?... I DON'T WANT TO HANG... I'M INNOCENT...
...NO... WE DON'T HANG THEM...
...THEN WHAT DO YOU DO?
...WE PUT THEM INTO PUBLIC STOCKS AND LEAVE THEM THERE TILL THEY ROT...
...THE OLD WOMAN FINALLY GOT THE VERY ONE THING SHE WANTED ALL ALONG... SHE BECAME THE CENTER OF ATTENTION... WHICH LEAVES US ONLY WITH THE MORAL OF THIS GOTHIC FAIRY TALE:
WHICH WITCH IS WHICH?

I WAS SICK—SICK WITH THAT LONG AGONY, AND WHEN THEY UNBOUND ME, I WAS PERMITTED TO SIT. I FELT THAT MY SENSES WERE LEAVING ME. THE SENTENCE...THE DREAD SENTENCE OF DEATH--WAS THE LAST WHICH REACHED MY EARS...
...I SAW THE LIPS OF THE BLACK-ROBED JUDGES... THIN TO GROTESQUENESS... THIN TO THEIR INTENSE RESOLUTION TO HUMAN TORTURE...
I WAS DRAGGED OUT OF THE COURTROOM...YET ALL WAS NOT LOST...WAS I IN THE DEEPEST SLUMBER--NO! IN DELIRIUM--NO! IN A SWOON--NO! IN DEATH--NO! EVEN IN THE GRAVE ALL IS NOT LOST!
EDGAR A. POE'S
the PIT and the PENDULUM

...SUDDENLY THERE CAME TO MY SOUL **MOTION** AND **SOUND** —THE TUMULTUOUS MOTION OF THE **HEART,** AND, IN MY **EYES,** THE SOUND OF ITS **BEATING...**

...THE INTENSITY OF THE ETERNAL NIGHT ENCOMPASSED ME...THE ATMOSPHERE WAS INTOLERABLY CLOSE...YET NOT FOR A MOMENT DID I SUPPOSE MYSELF ACTUALLY **DEAD...** BUT WHERE **WAS** I? MY GOD...IN THE **TOLEDO DUNGEONS?**

THE **WALL** WAS OF STONE MASONRY, SLIMY AND COLD...THE **CELL** ITSELF WAS NOT TINY, BUT THE CEILING WAS SO FAR UP IT WAS A STRAIN TO SEE IT...

I FOUND BESIDE ME A LOAF AND A PITCHER WITH WATER, AND I ATE AND DRANK WITH AVIDITY...

I PROCEEDED ONLY A FEW FEET AND **STUMBLED** AND **FELL** ON MY **FACE...** TO MY **ASTONISHMENT** MY FACE DID NOT HIT THE FLOOR BUT FELL INTO AN **OPEN** AREA...AT THE VERY **BRINK** OF A **BLACK** AND **CIRCULAR PIT...**

AS I LOOKED AROUND MY DUNGEON VAGUE RUMORS OF THE HORRORS OF **TOLEDO** CAME TO ME... STRANGE FABLES TOO GHASTLY TO REPEAT...

...DECIDING TO FIND OUT THE DEPTH OF THE ABYSS, I LET FALL A SMALL PIECE OF MASONRY...FOR AN ENDLESS TIME THERE WERE SOUNDS OF ITS HITTING THE WALL AS IT DESCENDED...THEN THE SOUND OF ITS PLUNGE INTO WATER...
I SAW CLEARLY THE DOOM WHICH HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR ME...I TOOK MORE OF THE WATER AND FELT MYSELF FAINT...QUICKLY REALIZING IT HAD BEEN DRUGGED...
...WHEN I AWOKE MY PERSONAL CONDITION HAD BEEN GREATLY CHANGED DURING MY SLUMBER...I NOW LAY UPON MY BACK, ON A SPECIES OF LOW FRAMEWORK OF WOOD...TO THIS I WAS SECURELY BOUND BY A LONG STRAP BINDING MY ENTIRE BODY...AND LEAVING ONLY MY HEAD FREE, AND MY LEFT ARM...
A SLIGHT NOISE ATTRACTED MY NOTICE, AND LOOKING TO THE FLOOR, I SAW SEVERAL ENORMOUS RATS. WHILE I GAZED THEY CAME UP WITH RAVENOUS EYES TO DEVOUR MY FOOD...

WHEN I LOOKED TO THE CEILING, I WAS CONFOUNDED AND AMAZED... MOUNTED IN THE CEILING WAS A MASSIVE BLADE SWINGING TO AND FRO LIKE A PENDULUM AND... OH... HORRORS... DESCENDING...
...DOWN STEADILY IT CREPT... TO THE RIGHT--TO THE LEFT--FAR AND WIDE--WITH THE SHRIEK OF A DAMNED SPIRIT...
I GASPED AND STRUGGLED AT EACH VIBRATION... I SHRUNK CONVULSIVELY AT ITS EVERY SWEEP... TEN OR TWELVE VIBRATIONS WOULD BRING THE STEEL IN CONTACT WITH MY LIFE...
...DOWN... CERTAINLY RELENTLESSLY DOWN! IT VIBRATED WITHIN THREE INCHES OF MY BOSOM... I STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY TO FREE MYSELF... I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE ATTEMPTED TO ARREST AN AVALANCHE...

...FOR THE FIRST TIME NOW IN MANY HOURS...I THOUGHT THE AREA WAS LITERALLY SWARMING WITH RATS... THEY WERE WILD, RAVENOUS "TO WHAT FOOD HAVE THEY BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO?" I THOUGHT...
I RUBBED THE BANDAGE THAT BOUND ME WITH THE OILY, FILTHY FOOD...
I LAY MOTIONLESS... THEY LEAPED UPON ME AND SWARMED UPON THE BANDAGES...THEY WRITHED UPON MY THROAT...
AT LENGTH I WAS FREE AND AS I SWUNG OFF THE WOODEN STRUCTURE I WAS STUNG BY THE LAST STROKE OF THE PENDULUM... BUT I WAS ALIVE...FREE...
I HAD SCARCELY STEPPED FROM MY WOODED BED OF HORROR WHEN THE MOTION OF THE MACHINE CEASED AND IT WAS DRAWN UP THROUGH THE CEILING BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE...
RICARDO VILLAMONTE
...THEN AS I BREATHED FREEDOM THERE CAME TO MY NOSTRILS THE BREATH OF HEATED IRON! I GASPED FOR BREATH... AND AS I LOOKED TO THE WALLS THERE WAS NO DOUBT AS TO THE DESIGN OF MY TORMENTORS...

...THE ROOM **WAS SHRINKING**...THE **WALLS** WERE **SEETHING HOT** AND **COLLAPSING** UPON **ME**...**DRIVING** ME INTO THE **CENTER** OF THE **VAULT**, WHERE THE **FLOOR** IN FACT DID **NOT EXIST**, FOR MY **TORMENTORS** WERE **FORCING** ME TO **FALL INTO THE PIT**...

I **FELL** UPON THE **FLOOR** AND **SHRIEKED**...THE **AGONY** OF MY **SOUL** FOUND **VENT** IN **ONE LOUD, LONG FINAL SCREAM OF DESPAIR**...

...THERE WAS A **DISCORDANT HUM** OF **HUMAN VOICES!** THERE WAS A **HARSH** GRATING AS OF A **THOUSAND THUNDERS!** THE **FIERY WALLS RUSHED BACK!** AN **OUTSTRETCHED ARM CAUGHT** MY **OWN** AS I **FELL, FAINTING** INTO THE ABYSS. IT WAS THE HAND OF A **FRIEND, GENERAL LASALLE**...

THE **FRENCH ARMY** HAD **ENTERED TOLEDO.** THE **INQUISITION** WAS IN THE HANDS OF ITS **ENEMIES**...

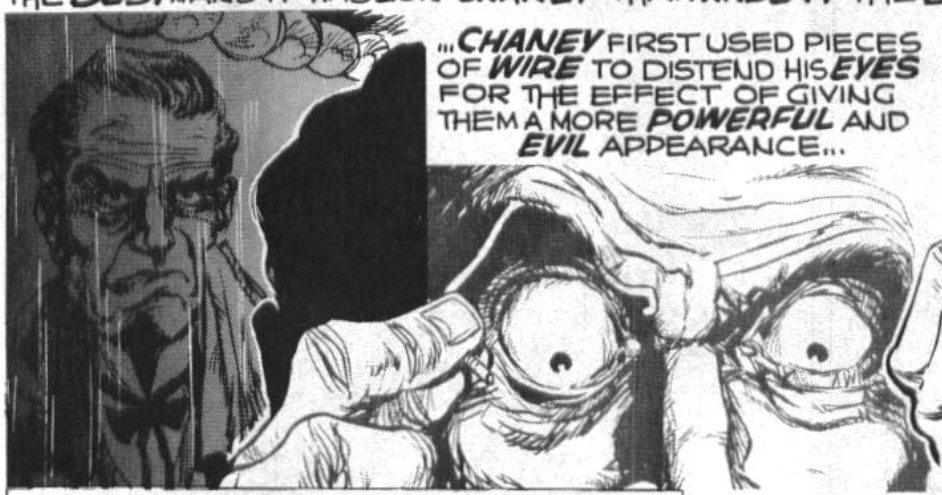
BY THE GRACE OF FATE ALONE, I AM **FREE** FROM THAT **PLACE** OF THE **PIT** AND THE **PENDULUM**...

"THIS IS THE MAKE-UP OF **LON CHANEY** AS THE **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**... THE MOST **GRUESOME** MAKE-UP **SELF-APPLIED**! FOR **CHANEY** WAS A **MASTER** AT MAKE-UP AND WENT TO **EXTRA-ORDINARY** LENGTHS TO MAKE EACH DISGUISE AS **REALISTIC** AND **GROTESQUE** AS POSSIBLE... **SCREAM SCREEN SCENE** PROUDLY PRESENTS: "A LOOK AT HOW THE MAKE-UP WAS PERFECTED FOR"

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

MARONAVA.

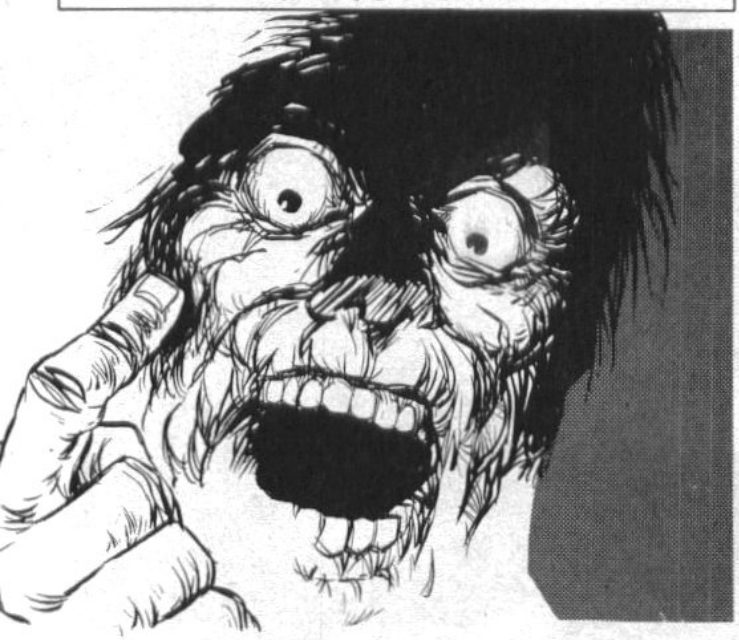
"THERE WERE 3 FILMS MADE NAMED '**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**' AFTER THE **GASTON LEROUX** NOVEL... "**UNIVERSAL'S** *1925* PRODUCTION STARRING **LON CHANEY** AND **MARY PHILBIN**... "**UNIVERSAL'S** *1943* PRODCTION STARRING **CLAUDE RAINS** AND **SUSANNA FOSTER**... AND "**HAMMER'S** *1962* FILM STARRING **HERBERT LOM** AND **HEATHER SEARS**... BUT THE **FIRST** WAS THE **BEST**... AND IT WAS **LON CHANEY** THAT **MADE IT** THE **BEST**...



"**CHANEY** FIRST USED PIECES OF **WIRE** TO DISTEND HIS **EYES** FOR THE EFFECT OF GIVING THEM A MORE **POWERFUL** AND **EVIL** APPEARANCE...

"HE THEN FITTED WIRE INTO HIS **GUMS** TO **EXPOSE** THEM AND **CURL** THEM... FORCING HIS MOUTH TO BE WRETCHEDLY ALWAYS **OPEN** AND **VICIOUS**...

"THEN **CHANEY** APPLIED PALE AND DEATH-LIKE PAINTED MAKE-UP TO HOLLOW HIS CHEEKS AND GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF **LIVING DEATH**...



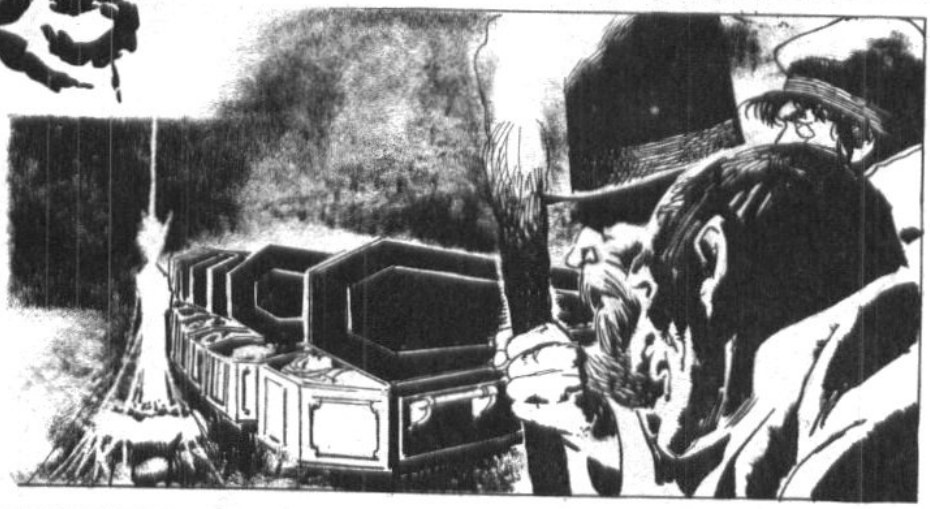
"THE FINAL FACE WAS **WRETCHED**... AUDIENCES THROUGHOUT THE MOVIE WOULD FAINT AT THE SIGHT OF IT, AND IN MANY CITIES THE MOVIE WAS ACTUALLY CENSORED BECAUSE OF THE **FACE** ALONE...

...NOW...SKYWALD INTERPRETS A SCENE FROM THE GASTON LEROUX PHANTOM OF THE OPERA...

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER ERIK... I MUST SEE YOUR FACE... I MUST...
WHAT'S THE MATTER CHRISTINE... YOU WANTED TO SEE MY FACE... WELL NOW YOU HAVE...
...OR PERHAPS YOU THINK THIS IS A FALSE FACE TOO... FEEL IT WITH YOUR FINGERS... IS IT NOT REAL WOMAN?... ...THIS IS MY SKIN...

...LOOKING BACK INTO ***HISTORY*** THERE ACTUALLY ***WAS*** A TIME WHEN ***VAMPIRE-HUNTS*** WERE A ***FACT-OF-LIFE***... ONE SUCH GLANCE INTO THE MACABRE HISTORY OF THE WORLD TAKES US TO 1887 IN IN OLDENBURG IN GERMANY... FOR A LOOK AT:

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS



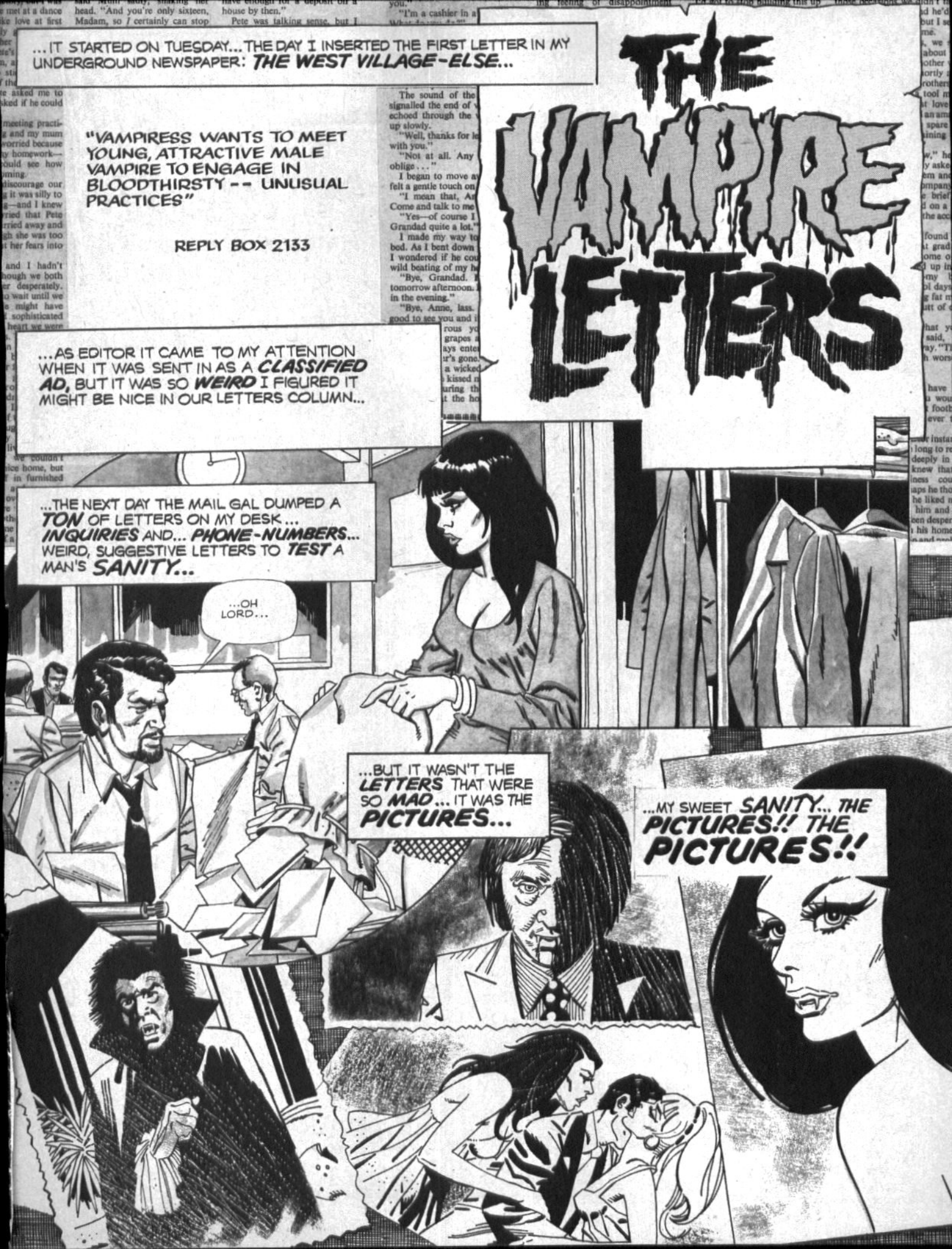
... ACTING BECAUSE OF RECURRING ACTS OF ***VAMPIRISM*** OVER A PERIOD OF EIGHT MONTHS DURING 1887, A WELL ARMED GROUP OF VILLAGERS RESOLVED TO ***END*** THE TERROR THAT STALKED THE TOWN'S STREETS BY NIGHT... AND AT ***DUSK*** ON A NIGHT IN MARCH THEY ***ARMED*** THEMSELVES AND ENTERED THE DEPRECIT ***CEMETERY***...

...INSIDE THE CRYPT THEY DISCOVERED 8 OPEN COFFINS AND THE UNDEAD BODIES OF 5 FEMALES RECENTLY KILLED IN THE TOWN, AND 3 MALES WHO WERE NOT IDENTIFIABLE...THE VILLAGERS THRUST STAKES INTO THE SEEMINGLY DEAD FORMS AND AS THEY PIERCED THEIR HEARTS THE ***SCREAMS*** FROM THE 'VICTIMS' WAS ***ATROCIOUS*** AND ***UNBELIEVABLE***... THE 3 MALE VAMPIRES MANAGED TO ***ESCAPE ALIVE*** AND PRESUMABLY FLED TO ANOTHER TOWN, FOR NO ACT OF ***VAMPIRISM*** WAS REPORTED IN OLDENBURG FOR ANOTHER 20 ***ODD YEARS***...

...THE INEVITABLE ***QUESTION*** ARISES IN OUR MINDS THAT THIS ***ACTION*** BY THE VILLAGERS OF OLDEBURG MIGHT HAVE BEEN ***UNWARRANTED***... THAT THE ***REPORT*** OF THE ACTUAL OCCURENCE WAS ***EXAGGERATED*** AND ***FACTS TWISTED*** TO AID ***THE CAUSE OF SUPERSTITION***... IF ***THIS*** IS THE CASE THEN THE ACT OF THE ***VAMPIRE HUNTERS*** CAN ONLY BE DEFINED AS ***LUNATIC*** AND ***PERVERSE***...

... ***BUT***... IF THEY SPOKE THE ***TRUTH*** AND IF WHAT THEY ***SAY*** HAPPENED IN THAT ***TOMB*** THAT NIGHT REALLY ***DID HAPPEN,*** THEN THE ACT OF THE ***VAMPIRE HUNTERS*** WAS ***JUSTIFIED*** AND UNDOUBTEDLY ***SAVED MANY LIVES***...

...THAT IS THE ***QUESTION***... WHAT DO ***YOU*** BELIEVE IS THE ***ANSWER?***


...IT STARTED ON TUESDAY...THE DAY I INSERTED THE FIRST LETTER IN MY UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER: THE WEST VILLAGE-ELSE...
THE VAMPIRE LETERS
"VAMPIRESS WANTS TO MEET YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE MALE VAMPIRE TO ENGAGE IN BLOODTHIRSTY -- UNUSUAL PRACTICES"
REPLY BOX 2133
...AS EDITOR IT CAME TO MY ATTENTION WHEN IT WAS SENT IN AS A CLASSIFIED AD, BUT IT WAS SO WEIRD I FIGURED IT MIGHT BE NICE IN OUR LETTERS COLUMN...
...THE NEXT DAY THE MAIL GAL DUMPED A TON OF LETTERS ON MY DESK... INQUIRIES AND... PHONE-NUMBERS... WEIRD, SUGGESTIVE LETTERS TO TEST A MAN'S SANITY...
...OH LORD...
...BUT IT WASN'T THE LETTERS THAT WERE SO MAD... IT WAS THE PICTURES...
...MY SWEET SANITY... THE PICTURES!! THE PICTURES!!

... I PUBLISHED SOME OF THE GROTESQUE REPLIES IN THE NEXT EDITION, WITH THE EXPECTATION OF CREATING A CONTROVERSY TO BOOST THE NEWSPAPER'S CIRCULATION, BUT ALL INTEREST SUDDENLY APPEARED TO TOTALLY DIE... I BEGAN TO SUSPECT WHY A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN THE FIRST GIRL WAS FOUND...
...WITH HER THROAT RIPPED OUT!
...WE'RE GONNA HAVTA GET AN AUTOPSY ON THIS ONE...
...LOOKIT HER NECK... IT'S LIKE... SOMETHIN' OUT OF A MOVIE!!
...YEH...
...YEH...
...AND ONLY A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER... THE GHASTLY SCENE WAS REPEATED, THIS TIME IN THE BLACK CORNER OF A GRIMY BAR NEAR MY OFFICES...
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE OTHER ONE?
...WHAT?..
THE CORONER SAID IT WAS A VAMPIRE!
...HE SAID IT WAS A VAMPIRE... HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FIGHT A VAMPIRE WHEN THEY AREN'T SUPPOSED TO EXIST...
...THE CORONER SAYS IT'S A VAMPIRE AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONER SAYS THAT'S A LOTTA RUBBISH...
...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?..

...I SUPPOSE I COULD'VE ANSWERED HIM WHAT TO DO... TRACE THE AD BACK TO THE GIRL... TRACE HER AND HER FRIENDS AND THROW THEM ALL INTO JAIL OR... BEAT THEM UP IN AN ALLEY... DRIVE STAKES THROUGH THEIR HEARTS... CUT THEIR HEADS OFF... BURN THEM...
...I WENT BACK TO THE OFFICE AND SHUFFLED THROUGH THE CLASSIFIED AD FILES TILL I FOUND HER NAME... ANNE WALLACE...
...I COULD'VE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO BUT I DIDN'T BECAUSE I'M A CREEP AND I WANTED THE PLEASURE MYSELF... I WANTED TO INFILTRATE THAT BUNCH OF PERVERTS AND LEARN ALL ABOUT THEIR LITTLE GAMES AND EXPOSE THEM IN MY PAPER... BOOST THE CIRCULATION...
...THE SWEET KID LIVED ON 4TH AVENUE... WHICH DIDN'T MUCH SURPRISE ME; ALL THE CREEPS AND DEGENERATES LIVE ON 4TH; ALL THE SCUM AND MISFITS TOO WEIRD OR RETARDED OR TOO OLD, SICK, UNEDUCATED, LAZY OR SMASHED TO GET OUT AND EARN A LIVING AND FIND SOMEPLACE DECENT TO LIVE...
...I WENT TO VISIT ANNE WALLACE... TO APPLY FOR MEMBERSHIP IN HER CLUB AND WEAVE MY WAY INTO THEIR HEARTS...
...THE PLACE WAS A DUMP AS I EXPECTED; THE RATS RAN INTO HOLES IN THE WALLS TAKING BITS OF THE STAIR CARPET WITH THEM... THAT WAS LOGICAL... THEY NEEDED FOOD TO STAY ALIVE! WHAT ABOUT ANNE WALLACE IN ONE OF THE APARTMENTS UPSTAIRS?... WHAT WAS HER EXCUSE FOR TAKING BITS OF THE HUMAN BODY AND STUFFING THEM INTO HER STOMACH?.. WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE LOGICAL?...
MISS WALLACE?
...YES...

MY NAME IS HOWARD ANDERSON... I'VE COME ABOUT THE ADS YOU PLACED IN THE WEST VILLAGE-ELSE...
...YES, THE ADS... I WISH I'D NEVER PUT THEM IN... GOD I WISH I WISH!...
...THE MURDERS... THEY'VE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE LETTERS HAVEN'T THEY... ALL THE PEOPLE WHO RESPONDED..
...YES HOWARD... ...I... ONLY PLACED THE LETTER AS A JOKE... MY GOD A JOKE... AND
...AND...
...AND THE THINGS THAT'VE HAPPENED ...OH GOD...
...YES... THE THINGS...
...SHE WAS ENCHANTING... ENCHANTING... SO INNOCENT, LIKE... ... LIKE SOMETHING ONLY SECONDS OLD AND YET AN ETERNITY OF BEAUTY YOUNG... I TALKED TO HER... FUMBLED FOR QUESTIONS... FOUND MYSELF A BUMBLING, STUMBLING KID IN GRADE SCHOOL... BUT... BUT WHAT IS THIS? SHE TOO WAS ENTRANCED WITH ME!... WE TALKED IDLY ONLY A SHORT WHILE... OUR SENTENCES BECAME TOO CLIPPED AND UNFINISHED TO BE SENSIBLE... AND WE EMBRACED... HELD EACH OTHER MADLY AND ...OH GOD...
...THE THINGS...
...GOD YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL...
...ANNE...
...THE THINGS...
...BEAUTIFUL... WONDERFUL WOMAN...

HOWARD
ANNE!
...THEY... DID THIS TO ME HOWARD...
...BUT HOWARD... LISTEN TO ME, IT'S NOT BAD, NOT REALLY EVIL HOWARD...
...BUT... HOWARD...
I LOVE YOU HOWARD...
...I KNOW YOU LOVE ME, AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU... I KNOW YOU DO...
...THIS THING HOWARD...IT'S NICE...
...REALLY NICE... THE TREMENDOUS FEELING OF... OF... GRATIFICATION HOWARD...
NO ANNE NO... NOT LIKE THIS NOT LIKE THIS MY GOD... WHY ANNE, WHY?
OH GOD ANNE!

...GOD I DUNNO HOW I DID IT... I DUNNO WHY I DID IT... I RAN FROM THAT ROOM... I RAN FROM MY ANNE...
...NO HOWARD ...DON'T YOU LOVE ME?...
...I RAN FROM MY ANNE...
...HOWARD...
...HOWARD FOR GOD'S SAKE FOR OUR SAKE...
DON'T LEAVE ME!
...I RAN FROM MY ANNE AND I HEARD HER CALLING AFTER ME... HEARD HER CRYING I LOVE YOU HOWARD... I LOVE YOU HOWARD... AND I KEPT RUNNING BECAUSE I THOUGHT... GOD... I THOUGHT IT WAS WRONG!...
...HOWARD...
HOWARD... HOWARD I LOVE YOU!
...WHAT WAS WRONG? WHAT COULD BE WRONG? WHY SHOULD I RUN? BECAUSE SHE WAS A VAMPIRESS... BECAUSE SHE WAS DIFFERENT? SO WHAT! SHE COULD HAVE MADE ME LIKE HER... WE COULD'VE BEEN THE SAME... DIFFERENT TOGETHER... THE ONLY THING THAT WAS WRONG WAS MY MORALS... MY OLD, DEAD MORALS!
...SHE CALLED TO ME AS I RAN... AS I RAN AS I DAMN FOOL FROM MY ANNE I TURNED AT THE DOORWAY AND SAW HER RUNNING AFTER ME... SAW HER COMING, HER FACE FULL OF TEARS AND LOVE... CALLING ME...

...I RAN OUT INTO THE MORNING...THE SUN STREAMED DOWN DRYING THE PUDDLES IN THE STREET WHICH I JUMPED INTO AS I RAN AND RAN FROM MY ANNE...THE TEARS STREAMED DOWN MY FACE AND I FORGOT WHY I WAS RUNNING... THERE WAS NO REASON FOR ME TO RUN... NOT FROM MY ANNE... NOT FROM MY ANNE...
Cutt
...I STOPPED RUNNING AND I WAITED FOR HER TO CATCH UP WITH ME AND THROW HER ARMS AROUND ME AND LOVE ME...
AND WHEN HER CRYING AND CALLING STOPPED AND I COULDN'T HEAR HER FOOT-STEPS ANY LONGER I TURNED AND I SAW HER... ON THE GROUND... CRAWLING TO ME...
... NOW... I WILL DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO JOIN HER... JOIN MY ANNE ALTHOUGH IT IS FAR, FAR TOO LATE...
...I LEAVE THESE NOTES FOR MY PAPER... FOR THE CREEPS AND DEGENERATES TO SNICKER ABOUT... FOR THE RECORD... NOW... I WILL DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO JOIN HER... AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON MY WRETCHED SOUL...

...IT CAME TO HIM AT *MIDNIGHT*... WHEN HE WAS *ASLEEP*... WHEN HE DID NOT *SUSPECT* ITS *COMING*...

...IT CAME TO HIM AT *MIDNIGHT*... CAME TO HIM TO *KILL HIM*... AND IT *KILLED* WITH A *HATRED* IN ITS HEART... IT *KILLED* HIM WITH A FIERCE *VENGEANCE* IN ITS DEAD *HEART*... HE HAD NO *RIGHT* TO KILL IT... NO *RIGHT*... NOT AFTER *18 YEARS* OF BEING *FRIENDS*...

...AND WHEN IT HAD *KILLED*... IT RETURNED TO ITS *GRAVE*... ITS *NEW GRAVE* OF ONLY *A DAY*... IT HAD *KILLED* ITS *OWN MURDERER* AND ITS PURPOSE OF MOMENTARY RE-BIRTH WAS *FULFILLED*...AND NOW...IT WOULD REST IN PEACE...

THE THING THAT LEFT NO FINGERPRINTS

...AH JEST CAIN'T FIGURE OUT WHO WOULD WANNA *DO* THIS TO OLD JED..

...DIDN'T LEAVE NO MARKS SHERIFF WASHT...NOTHIN'... NO SIGNS OF *WHO* OR *WHAT* WOULD DO IT...

JED WAS SUCH A *KIND* OL' MAN TOO...DIDN'T HAVE NO *ENEMIES* OR NOTHING...HE AN' THET OL' DOG LIVED OUT HE'AR IN THIS SWAMP FOR 18 YEARS TOGETHER...

...WHERE *IS* THET OL' DOG SHERIFF?

OL' JED HADDA *SHOOT HIM* THE OTHER DAY...HE GOT BIT BY A *RABID BAT* AN' FOLKS WAS SCARED THE DOG MIGHT INFECT THE *KIDS* WHO COME OUT HERE TO *PLAY*...

...POOR OL' JED JUS' DIDN'T HAVE *NO CHOICE*...

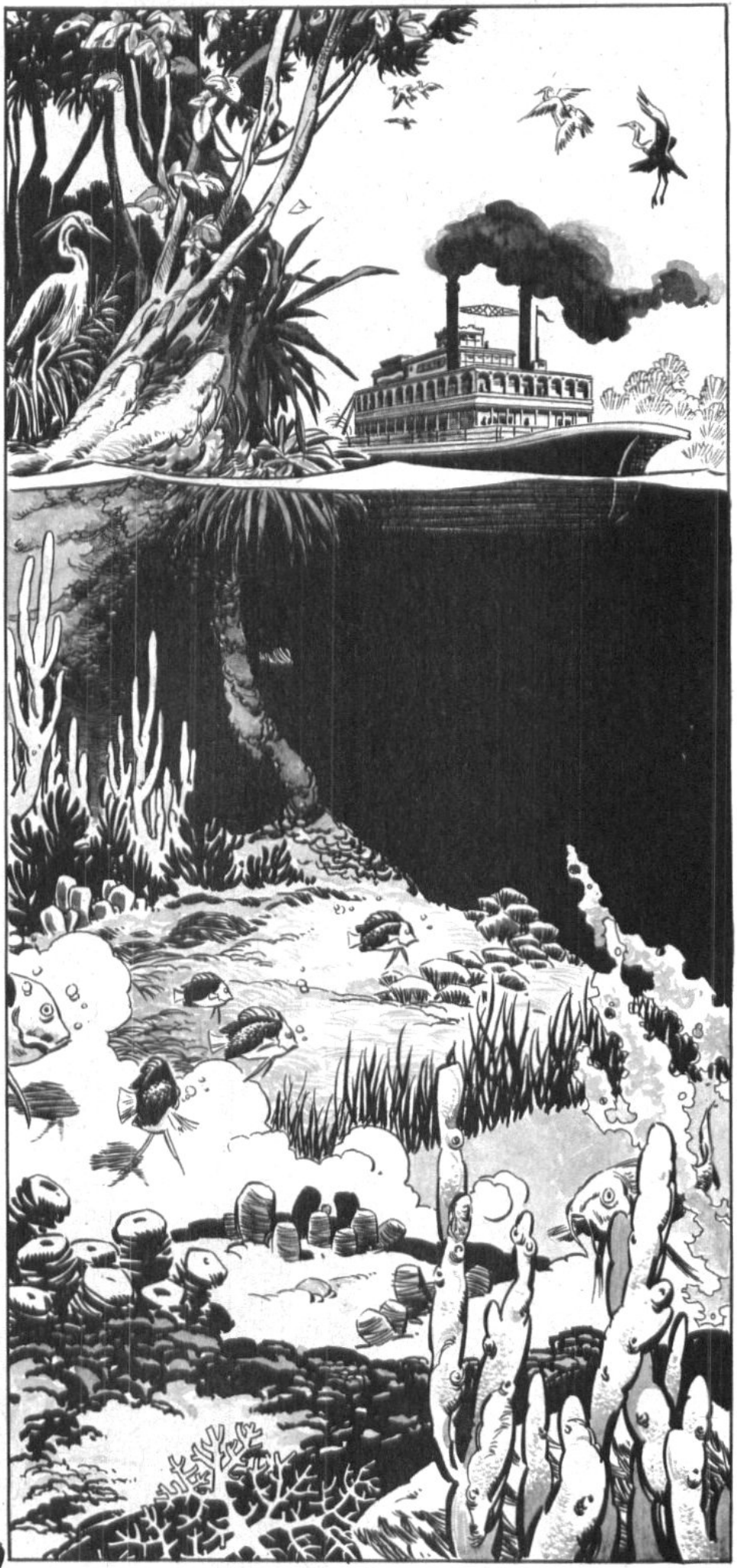
...HE WUS SO *UPSET*... IT *KILLED* HIM TO SHOOT THET DOG...THEY WUS *INSEPARABLE* FER 18 YEARS...

SOSTRES

SCREENPLAY:
THE SCENE IS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, SET IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE GREAT RIVERBOAT QUEENS. THE CAMERA PORTRAYS THE CRUMBLING ROBERT E. LEE AS IT SLOWLY MOVES UP-RIVER FROM NEW ORLEANS TOWARDS ST. LOUIS, PICTURING THE BELLE AT FISH-EYE LEVEL... A NARRATOR OPENS THE FILM IN A DEEP AND ATMOSPHERIC VOICE...

NARRATOR:
"... THIS IS THE ***ROBERT E. LEE***... AWFULLY SHUNTING UP AMERICA'S GREATEST RIVER... SLIDING OUT OF MEMPHIS TENNESSEE INTO THE FILTH AND MUD... SLUGGISHLY BATTLING TIME AND THE PROGRESS OF THE RAILROAD... THERE IS ***MORE*** THAN MERE ***MUD*** AND SCIENCE AGAINST HER ON THIS TRIP... THERE IS THE UNNAMEABLE ***THING*** THAT FOLLOWS HER UNDERWATER... A FETID RIVER-DWELLER WHO SWEARS TO MAKE THIS HER ***LAST*** VOYAGE... NOW STARTS OUR TALE OF THE BELLE AS SHE SHUNTS OUT THE WORLD OF THE LIVING INTO THE ***RIVER OF THE DEAD...***"

THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI



SUSO 73

SCREENPLAY: CLOSE-IN FOR TIGHT HEAD AND SHOULDERS PORTRAIT OF THE OLD RIVERBOAT CAPTAIN... HIS FACE IS WRINKLED AND LEATHERY... HIS SADNESS SHOWS CLEARLY IN HIS WEARY EXPRESSION...
NARRATOR: "... THIS IS CAPTAIN RICHMOND LINCOLN... A MAN WHO HAS MADE THIS BOAT AND THIS RIVER HIS LIFE... THIS IS THE LAST VOYAGE AND HE IS ORDERED TO QUIT HIS POST IN ST. LOUIS WHEN HE DOCKS THE ROBERT E. LEE... HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND WHY THEY MAKE HIM RETIRE... HE KNOWS HE IS STILL AN ABLE MAN... AND A DEDICATED AND ACCOMPLISHED MAN..."
SCREENPLAY: AN OVER-ALL SCENE OF THE RIVERBOAT QUEEN SHOWS HER ROCKING AND SHUNTING TO A HALT AS IF HER MOTORS ARE TROUBLED...
NARRATOR: "... THE FINE ENGINES GRIND TO A HALT HERE... FOR THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME DISORDER ABOUT THE GREAT WHEEL WHICH PROPELS HER... SOMETHING APPEARS TO BE STUCK IN IT..."
SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN ORDERS A SEARCH OF THE WHEEL, ANTICIPATING AN AWFUL DISCOVERY...
...GET SOME MEN ONTO THE WHEEL THERE... FIND OUT WHAT'S CLOGGING THINGS UP... I WANT NO TROUBLE ON THIS VOYAGE...
SCREENPLAY: A CREWMAN POINTS TO SOMETHING BELOW WHICH THE OTHERS ARE REMOVING FROM THE WHEEL...
... IT'S A BODY CAP'N... THERE'S A BODY OF A WOMAN STUCK IN HERE... IT'S ALL ROTTED...

SCREENPLAY: A ROTTED, BLOATED CARCASS IS DRAGGED ONTO DECK BY ONE OF THE CREWMEN... ...THE PASSENGERS CROWD AROUND AND STARE AT THE REMAINS...

... MY GOD...

SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN KNOWS THE BODY IS NOT LONG DECAPITATED BUT WILL NOT RISK UPSETTING THE PASSENGERS, AND ORDERS THE ENGINES STARTED AGAIN AND THE VOYAGE RESUMED...

NARRATOR: "... **AGAIN** THE BELLE WEAVES THE RIVER, **AGAIN** THE DRONE OF THE ENGINES AS THE MIGHTY PISTONS THUD BELOW DECK, **AGAIN** THE CAPTAIN IS LOST IN HIS SELF-PITY..."

SCREENPLAY: AS THE RIVERBOAT TURNS A BEND THE CAPTAIN SCREAMS AN ORDER TO REVERSE ENGINES...

NARRATOR: "... AN EMOTION SOON LOST IN THE SUDDEN RUSH OF **ANOTHER**, MORE **POWERFUL** EMOTION... **REVULSION**... FOR AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO THE WHEEL AGAIN HIS EYES SEE ONLY **HORROR**..."

...STOP ENGINES... ...STOP THEM... REVERSE... GET INTO REVERSE... ...GOD... GET HER INTO REVERSE...

SCREENPLAY: THE CAMERA HOVERS ABOVE, LOOKING DIRECTLY DOWN UPON THE SHIP AS HER GREAT WHEEL, FILLED WITH HUMAN BODIES, DUMPS CORPSES DREDGED OUT OF THE MISSISSIPPI ONTO HER DECKS...

NARRATOR: "... BUT IT IS TOO **LATE**... FOR ALREADY THE DECK IS FILLED WITH FETID **DEATH**... DEATH THAT **FALLS** TO THIS DECK WITH EVERY MAD TURN OF THE MASSIVE STEAMBOAT **WHEEL**... **WHICH EVERY MOMENT NOW CHOOSES TO DUMP DEAD HUMAN BODIES ONTO THE EMOTIONALLY-PARALIZED SHIP... BODIES THAT ARE DEAD ONLY DAYS... DRAINED OF THEIR BLOOD... LESS THEIR FLESH TORN AND EATEN BY THE... CARNIVOROUS MISSISSIPPI...**

SCREENPLAY: A CREWMAN SCREAMS AT THE OBSCENE HORROR AHEAD OF THE BELLE NOW SLOWLY MOVING DOWNRIVER TOWARDS THEM...
CAPTAIN... ...MY GOD CAPTAIN... WHAT DO WE DO?... LOOK AT IT!
SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN HANGS HIS HEAD, LETS IT SLUMP SLOWLY...
NARRATOR: "... CAPTAIN RICHMOND LINCOLN ISSUES HIS ORDERS NOW... HE KNOWS THEY ARE THE WRONG ORDERS, BUT HIS MIND IS TOO FILLED WITH HORROR TO THINK CLEARLY AND GIVE ORDERS THAT ARE RATIONAL AND RIGHT..."
... YOU PRAY...
SCREENPLAY: THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH AN EXPLOSIVE, CRUNCHING, SPLINTERING COLLISION AS TWO HUGE RIVERBOATS SMASH... RIPPING AT EACH OTHER'S PROW... GOUGING INTO THE DECK... ABOUT THE ROBERT E. LEE PASSENGERS FALL TO THEIR KNEES WITH THE SUDDEN JERK... ABOARD THE JEFFERSON DAVIS THE CORPSES WHO ARE ITS CREW AND PASSENGERS LIST SLOWLY ROCK TO AND ABOUT POINTLESSLY...
NARRATOR: "... AND IT DOES NOT MATTER... WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG... THEY ARE ONLY WORDS... NOT APPLICABLE TO THIS KIND OF REALITY... THIS ABSOLUTE HORROR..."

SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN FALLS TO HIS KNEES, SOBBING, COVERING HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS...
NARRATOR: "... SO FILLED WITH SELF PITY IS THIS USELESS OLD MAN THAT HE HEARS NOT THE LOW-AWFUL GROWL THAT COMES FROM THE WATER BELOW..."
SCREENPLAY: AS THE PANICKED CREW TRIES TO FREE THE LOCKED VESSELS, THE WATERS BELOW THEM ROCK AND CHURN AND THE HEAD OF AN UNHOLY AND UNNAMEABLE ATROCITY EMERGES...
NARRATOR: "... A GROWL THAT IS OF A BEAST WITHOUT EVEN A NAME TO GO BY..."
SCREENPLAY: THE THING CREEPS OUT THE WATER AND ONTO DECK, GRABBING AS IT MOVES SCREAMING PASSENGERS AND CRUSHING THEM IN HIS HANDS
NARRATOR: "... FOR IT DOES NOT NEED A NAME... IT IS KNOWN BY ITS ACTIONS... IF ANYMAN BE LEFT ALIVE TO SPEAK OR BREATHE OF THEM..."

SCREENPLAY: THE OLD CAPTAIN LOOKS AT THE BEAST WHO DEMOLISHES HIS SHIP AND WHO HORRIBLY MURDERS HIS PASSENGERS AND CREW...
NARRATOR: "... IT DOES NOT KNOW WHO OR WHAT IT IS... IT DOES NOT KNOW WHO OR WHAT HE KILLS... IT DOES NOT SEE THE FRIGHTENED, PATHETIC OLD CAPTAIN CRINGING IN FEAR..."
SCREENPLAY: THE CAPTAIN CREEPS INTO A CORNER OF HIS DECK AND HIDES...
NARRATOR: "... CAPTAIN LINCOLN IS NOW, FOR ALL PRACTICAL AND INTENSE PURPOSES, DEAD... HE MOVES SLOWLY TO A CORNER AND CRAWLS IN TO DIE..."
SCREENPLAY: SEEING NO-ONE LEFT ALIVE... NO ONE LEFT TO KILL... THE MONSTER CREEPS BACK OVER THE EDGE OF THE SHIP...
NARRATOR: "...THE SHIP IS DEAD NOW... EXCEPT FOR THE CAPTAIN... CRINGING IN A CORNER... AND HE TOO IS MORE OR LESS DEAD..."
SCREENPLAY: THE THING HOLDS THE WHEEL IN HIS HUGE HANDS, LOOKING THROUGH DEATH-MATTED EYES AT THE CARNAGE ON DECK...
NARRATOR: "... WHAT IS GOING ON... THIS ISN'T ACCORDING TO THE SCREENPLAY..."

SCREENPLAY: THE THING SLOWLY SMILES AS IT LETS FREE THE GREAT WHEEL AND BEGINS TO SLIP BACK INTO THE WATERS...
NARRATOR: "... WHAT IS HE DOING?!... HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD... THE OLD MAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD..."
... SHUTTUP...
SCREENPLAY: THE BEAST NOW MOVES ON, LEAVING BEHIND THE TWO MUTILATED VESSELS, SINKS INTO THE MISSISSIPPI, AND INTO THE MUD...
NARRATOR: "... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN A CORNER DYING... DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THE SCREENPLAY? THIS ISN'T RIGHT... NO ONE WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON..."
THE SCREENPLAY IS ALL WRONG... IT IS UNFAIR...
SCREENPLAY: THE JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE ROBERT E. LEE ARE NOW ALONE... CAMERA SLOWLY PANS SCENE THEN BEGINS TO WITHDRAW...
NARRATOR: "... WRONG? UNFAIR? ... YOU ARE DEPICTED AS BEING AN OLD AND DYING FAILURE... YOU ARE DEPICTED AS HAVING LOST THE STRENGTH OF YOUR CHARACTER..."
I AM NOT TOO OLD... ... CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I FOUGHT THE BEAST AND I WON...
... I WON!

SCREENPLAY: NOW, AS DARKNESS FALLS OVER THIS AWFUL SCENE THE CAMERA SLOWLY FADES TO BLACK...
NARRATOR: "... BUT IT IS NOT IN THE SCREENPLAY... DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?...
... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... ... THE SCREENPLAY IS WRONG... ... RE-WRITE THE SCREENPLAY... RE-WRITE IT...
NARRATOR: "... YOU'RE MAD... ...MAD..."
...RE-WRITE IT...
YOU'RE WRONG... WRONG... THIS IS NOT THE WAY A SCREENPLAY SHOULD BE WRITTEN... DENIGRADING AN OLD MAN... CALLING ME OLD AND USELESS... ... IT'S WRONG... IT'S IMMORAL...
I FOUGHT THE BEAST AND PROTECTED MY SHIP... THE SCREENPLAY WAS WRONG ... I WILL RE-WRITE THE SCREENPLAY PROPERLY...
SCREENPLAY! IT IS NIGHT NOW... CAPTAIN LINCOLN AGAIN TAKES THE MIGHTY ROBERT E. LEE UP THE GREAT RIVER... WHEN HE DOCKS AT ST. LOUIS HE WILL HAVE A TALE TO TELL... AND HE WILL BE UNASHAMED TO TO TELL OF HIS PART IN IT...
...THE NIGHT FALLS ON THE RIVER AND THE SUN SLIDES INTO THE MUD... FADE TO FINAL BLACK...

. . . welcome to SCREAM #2—the SPECIAL ORIGIN issue of LADY SATAN . . . the macabre beginning of a spectacular new character . . . now let's take a look BEHIND THE SCENES at the HORROR-MOOD Coroporation to see what's coming up NEXT . . .

. . . A CORRUPT COLLECTION OF OBSCURE ANNOUNCEMENTS AND LUNATIC LETTERS FROM THE MACABRE SCREAM MAILBAG . . .

. . . announcing the winner of THE GREAT HORROR- MOOD CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST . . .

. . . TIM LYNCH of Wapping, Connecticut . . . is the grand winner of the biggest GARGOYLE EGG we could find, for correctly completing the crossword puzzle presented in NIGHTMARE #13 (answers in NIGHTMARE #14) . . . immediate runners-up are KEN WEINSTEIN of Pennsylvania, MARTIN MAHER of New York, DAVE STUCKEY of Missouri, FRANK BEKSINSKI of Maryland and DORIS HURR of Ohio . . .

. . . congratulations also to MARK SCHLANGER, JOHN FLYNN, ANDY MILIKIN, JEFF KAPALKA, MIKE OOMS, MICHAEL RUSSELL, AMY DAVIS and KRIS FERRARI and to all the others who entered . . . watch for another contest SOON . . .

. . . see the little coupon on this page? . . . this is going to be a regular feature from now on . . . we want to know exactly what's going through your mind when you read our titles and this is the only way we know how . . . so help us out, huh? . . . fill out the coupon (or write on a piece of paper) and send it in to us — not just THIS month but EVERY MONTH . . .

. . . this interesting letter from GARY COYLE of Monticello, Iowa . . .

. . . "NIGHTMARE #9 was but an indication of the THINGS to come. The HORROR-MOOD began to slowly crawl up my PRIMAL SPINAL and began to CHEW its way to my BRAIN . . . then it began to TWIST in my skull where it has remained since PSYCHO'S almighty EVIL issue" . . .

. . . "I really freaked out to the cover story for the Annual and the story that really hooked me was not a story at all but the News-Letters page . . . IT WAS WEIRD . . . by NIGHTMARE #10 the LUNACY began to overcome me. The cover alone ripped into my mind like a rat into cheese, PHASE ONE of the HORROR MOOD was here. I've been buying PSYCHO regularly and an occasional NIGHTMARE ever since then" . . .

. . . "I never truly realized how DERANGED you were until PSYCHO #II where 'IT WHISPERED . . . AND IT WEPT . . . AND IT DID SHUDDER . . . AND IT DID DIE" picked what was left of my DECAYING brain and began to EAT it . . . your best artist PABLO MARCOS does another masterwork with his HEAP while AL HEWETSON remains as best writer . . . bring back more cannibals, ghouls, and how about a battle with THE CORPSE?" . . .

. . . "THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS" in PSYCHO #12 was weird . . . the best story and most macabre was "WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM", the sheer MADNESS of the story, the continuing SCREAMING, led me to believe this to be the best story yet and the perfect way to round out the ASYLUM ISSUE. That story really got me into the HORROR-MOOD" . . .

" . . . THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are GRUESOME. They definitely have more potential and are the most original of all your characters . . . "

" . . . I like the idea of SCREAM and if it's anything like the other mags it'll be MAD!! Only the MANIACS of the MOOD-TEAM could come up with a title like MACABRE for a new mag . . . I'm hoping it will be unleashed soon . . . "

" . . . I think a cool and WEIRD title for a story would be . . . 'SICK THINGS' (named after a song by ALICE COOPER) . . . "

" . . . my favorite story artists are . . . 1-MARCOS, 2-DELA ROSA, and 3-ZESAR . . . please do more INSANE stories about MANIACS . . . it would be sort of weird to have a story starring the UNUSUAL members of the MOOD-TEAM in their weird surroundings doing WEIRD things like collecting their GARGOYLE EGGS or using human BLOOD for the ink in their stories . . . or showing some of the writers in an ASYLUM . . . or some of the artists EXPERIENCING their unusual features . . . it would be WEIRD . . . "

" . . . the best story you've ever published was probably "CORRIDORS OF CARICATURE", the reason being that it was a good story, and I really liked the 'shock ending' . . . "

" . . . Thanx for listening to me and my comments . . . may your mags live as long as my father! . . . "

" . . . P.S. Maybe you know him, he's a Count, born in Transylvania . . . "

. . . yes . . . we ~~ugh~~ know him WELL . . .

. . . well . . . it's been a WEIRD RAP FOLK . . . we hope you enjoy this SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE . . . stay tuned into the HORROR-MOOD and we'll see y'all in SCREAM #3 . . .

R.I.P.

-ARCHAIC AL-

THE SPECIAL ALL-VAMPIRE ISSUE IS COMING

. . . become involved — help us understand your likes n' dislikes by filling in this coupon — the first 5 entries will receive an advance copy of the next issue . . .

My favorite story this issue was: .....

Here's WHY this was the best story:

.....

name .....

address .....

city n' other .....

age ..... SCREAM #2—

Mail to: the archaic editors
the Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street 1501
New York City N.Y. 10017

THIS IS SUSO

. . . Sinister Suso is at the moment working on the 120 page Blockbuster: THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, scripted by Archaic Al, but in the last few months has performed magnificent artwork for: THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND and THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI . . .

. . . this is a mini-autobiography of this fine artist, in which he tells of his origins and his loves . . . : " . . . I was born on June 2nd of 1941 at nine in the morning . . . I think the sun was shining, although I don't remember very well . . . Anyway, I'm a Gemini, and, according to the astrologists, very fortunate . . .

. . . they gave me the name JESUS MANUEL PENA REGO, but since that was too long for somebody as small as me, it was reduced by and by to SUSO, the name by which I expect soon to become famous around the Solar System (and the neighborhood too) . . .

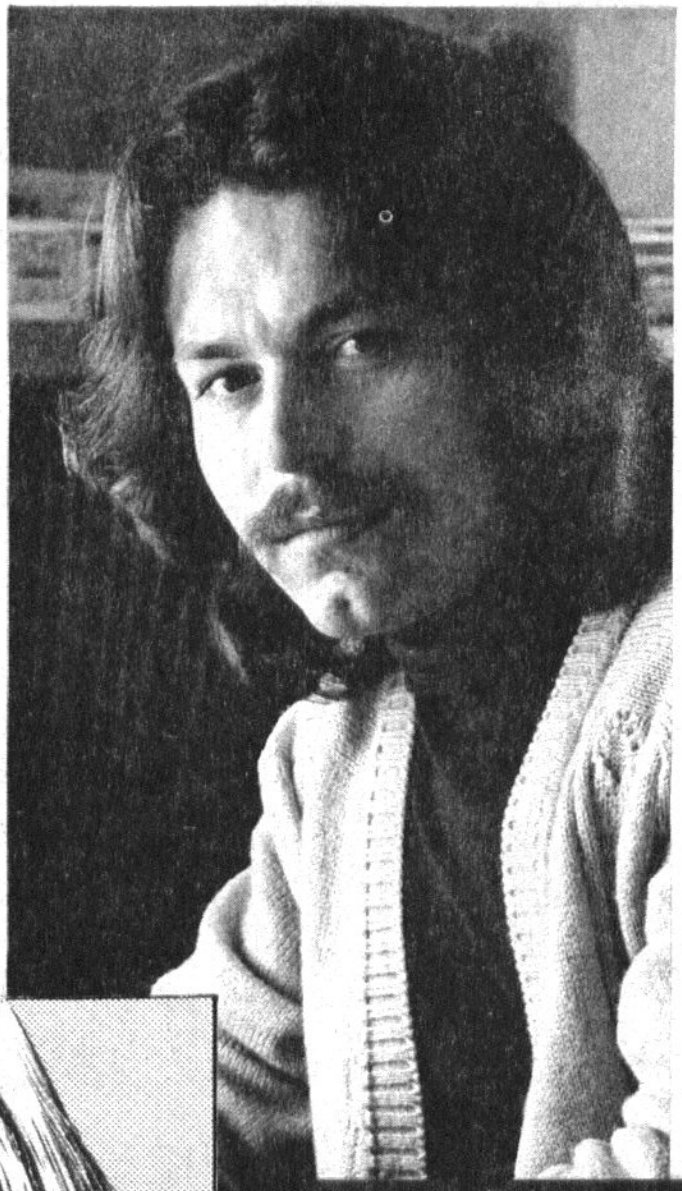
. . . till the age of 14 I spent my time drawing and doodling on all the white surfaces I found (I remember some powerful air battles on the pavement in front of my house, which were admired by all my little friends) . . .

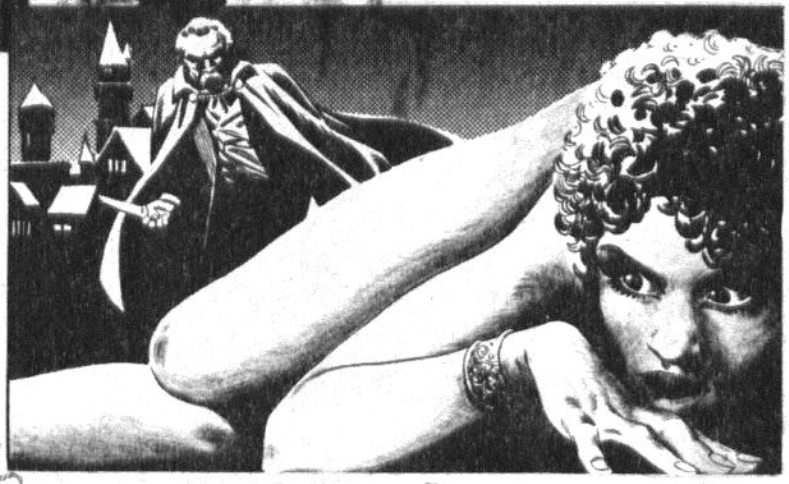
. . . but then the luck that is the Gemini's due intervened; in the army I knew Esteban Maroto, and this meeting changed my life. I gave up my illusions of becoming a famous scribbler and I set out on the voyage of doom: I wanted to become a comic-artist . . .

. . . Maroto introduced me to Carlos Giminez and Adolfo Usero, and those in turn to a number of artists in Madrid. It was in Madrid, in a studio on Infantas Street, that my life as a professional comic-artist started: a crime-strip for a local newspaper . . .

. . . When I felt ripe enough, and following Carlos Giminez' advice, I went to Barcelona. Some unimportant jobs and then another stroke of luck; I joined the La Floresta group. With Esteban Maroto, Luis Garcia, Adolfo Usero and Ramon Torrents I worked on 5 x Inifinite on the first four issues, after which Esteban Maroto took over the strip. Then I took over a series of Carlos Giminez: "Gringo", which was my Western series until about 1972. After Gringo I took up Horror stories, which is what I'm doing now with Skywald exclusively . . .

. . . Senor Suso has a MAGNIFICENT future with THE HORROR-MOOD CORPORATION, and we invite you to comment on his work as it appears . . .





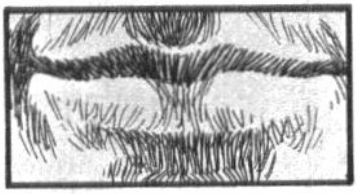
...THIS... IS THE ***THING*** CALLED ***NOSFERATU...***

...WHO, OR ***WHAT*** EXACTLY ***NOSFERATU IS*** WE HAVE YET TO ***LEARN...*** BUT WE UNFORTUNATELY ALREADY KNOW HE IS A ***FIEND*** AND A ***HATE MONGER...***

...THESE EVIL DISCIPLES HE HAS CALLED FROM ALL THE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD ARE AS ***MAD*** AND ***DEPRAVED*** AS ***HE IS...*** NOW AS THEY SIT AND STUFF SPOILED AND ROTTEN FOOD DOWN THEIR THROATS THEY SEEM TO BE A CONTRIVED GROUP OF ***UNHOLY APOSTLES*** TO THE MASTER... ***NOSFERATU...*** WHO ***CONDUCTS*** THIS LAST SUPPER BY ***GNAWING*** AND ***DEVOURING*** THE ***MACABRE SACRAMENTS:*** THE FLESH OF ***SATAN...***

...NOW AS HE RAISES HIS SILVER GOBLET OF LUCIFER'S SOUR BLOOD HE PROPOSES A TOAST...
...FIRST THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER...MIS-UNDERSTANDING FOR A MOMENT NOSFERATU'S WORDS... THEN...THEY KNOW THE UNHOLY THING OF WHOM THEIR HOST SPEAKS... AND THEY RAISE THEIR GLASSES IN A SICKLY, UNANIMOUS GRIN...
...SALUTÉ...
...I PROPOSE... GENTLEMEN... A SHORT TOAST...
...A TOAST TO HE WHO IS THE... MASTER...
SALUTE
SALUTE
...THEN NOSFERATU TURNS TO THE MAN WHO IS ROBED IN WHITE... WHOSE EYES AND BODY ARE TOTALLY HIDDEN FROM THE CURIOUS EYES OF THE OTHERS AROUND... AND SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO HIM...
...WHAT..
...IS THY NAME?...
...AND HE IS ANSWERED IN A VOICE BARELY AUDIBLE AT FIRST... FOR IT IS A LOW, GUTTERAL, DISGUSTING, DEEP-THROATED VOICE THAT COMES FROM WITHIN THE DISTURBED PIT THAT IS THE SINGLE LUNG OF THIS MYSTERIOUS MAN... AND SO WE START OUR TALE...
...THE NAME IS SINNER CANE... AND THE NAME MEANS EVIL!
NOSFERATU... CHAPTER TWO...
PESOR 1-73

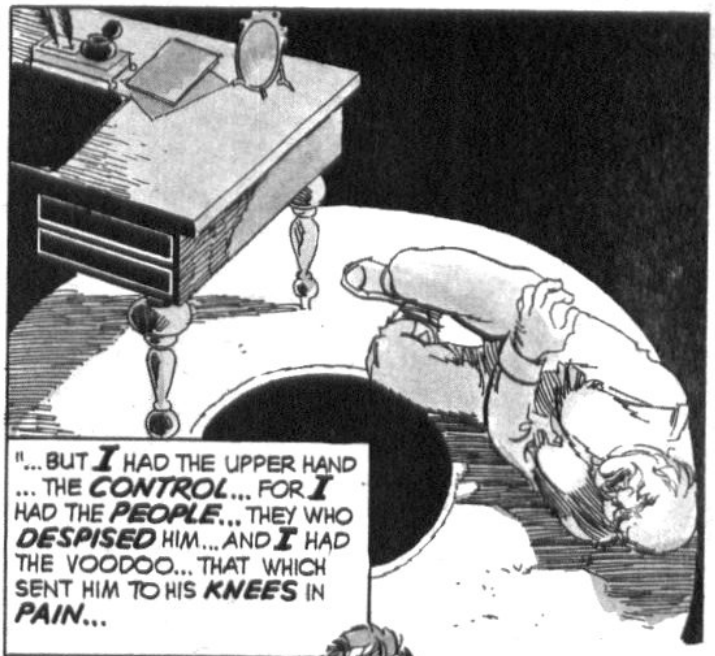
...**NOSFERATU** LEERS AT THE MAN...HIS EYES **CRUSH TOGETHER** AND HIS FACE **CRINKLES UP** AS HE ANTICIPATES THE STORY... FOR HE KNOWS IT **ALREADY**...AND HE IS ALLOWED TO SMILE...



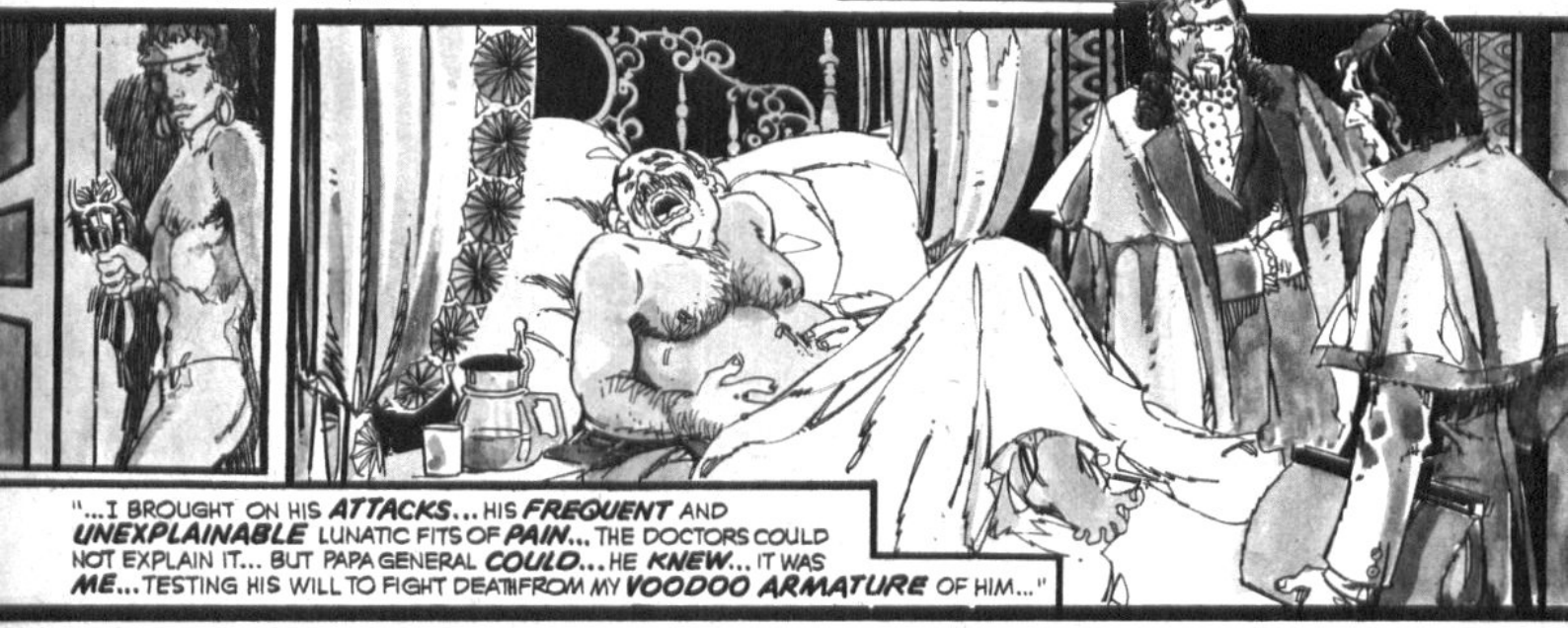
"... I AM **SINNER CANE**... KNOWN AS **RUTHLESS**... AS **FIENDISH**... I AM... OR **WAS**... A VOODOO PRIEST IN THE WEST INDIAN COUNTRY YOU KNOW WELL AS **H----!**

MY FOLLOWERS NUMBER IN THE **THOUSANDS**... DEVOTEES TO MY **PERSONAL** DEFINITION OF THE **VOODOO**..."

"...THE MAN I DESPISE **MOST** ON THIS GREY PLANET IS THE **PAPA GENERAL**... THE COUNTRY IS A **MILITARY STATE** UNDER HIS TOTAL DOMINATION... I AM HIS **ENEMY**... FOR I RALLY THE **PEOPLE AGAINST HIM**... HE KNOWS THIS AND NAMES **ME** AS **HIS MOST HATED ENEMY**..."



"...BUT **I** HAD THE UPPER HAND ... THE **CONTROL**... FOR **I** HAD THE **PEOPLE**... THEY WHO **DESPISED** HIM... AND **I** HAD THE VOODOO... THAT WHICH SENT HIM TO HIS **KNEES** IN **PAIN**...



"...I BROUGHT ON HIS **ATTACKS**... HIS **FREQUENT** AND **UNEXPLAINABLE** LUNATIC FITS OF **PAIN**... THE DOCTORS COULD NOT EXPLAIN IT... BUT PAPA GENERAL **COULD**... HE **KNEW**... IT WAS **ME**... TESTING HIS WILL TO FIGHT DEATH FROM MY **VOODOO ARMATURE** OF HIM..."

"...BUT I PUSHED HIM **TOO FAR**... I COULD NOT **KILL HIM** WITH MY **VOODOO**... HIS **WILL** WAS TOO STRONG... SO **I TAUNTED** HIM AND **TORTURED** HIM... BUT I... I PUSHED HIM **TOO FAR**..."

OOHGODGOD

OHMYDEARGOD

DAMNYOUCANE --DAMNYOU!

GENERAL... ...IS THERE **ANYTHING** WE CAN DO?...

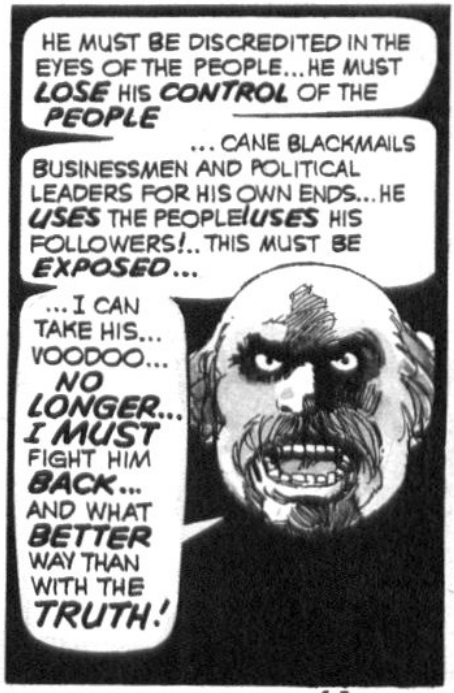
ANYTHING?

YES... ...THIS HAS GONE ON **LONG ENOUGH**... CANE MUST BE **DESTROYED!!**

CANE... SIR? ...WHAT HAS **HE** TO DO WITH YOUR DISEASE?... YOUR PAIN?...

OH...YOU WOULDN'T KNOW...

...YOU WOULDN'T **BELIEVE!**...



HE MUST BE DISCREDITED IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE... HE MUST **LOSE** HIS **CONTROL** OF THE **PEOPLE**

... CANE BLACKMAILS BUSINESSMEN AND POLITICAL LEADERS FOR HIS OWN ENDS... HE **USES** THE PEOPLE **USES** HIS FOLLOWERS!.. THIS MUST BE **EXPOSED**...

...I CAN TAKE HIS... VOODOO... **NO LONGER**... **I MUST** FIGHT HIM **BACK**... AND WHAT **BETTER** WAY THAN WITH THE **TRUTH!**

"...THE NEXT NIGHT WHEN I ENTERED MY HEADQUARTERS I FOUND MY FIRST LIEUTENANT WITH HIS THROAT RIPPED OUT... HE WAS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN, STRUNG UP TO THE CEILING WITH A COARSE ROPE... BESIDE HIM I FOUND A NEWSPAPER...

...THAT **HEADLINE** TORE INTO ME... PAPA GENERAL'S VICIOUS ASSAULT THRU THE PRESS **RIPPED** MY VESTIGE OF **'GOODNESS'** FROM ME... NO LONGER... WOULD I **HAVE VOLUNTARY** FOLLOWERS..."

"...BUT **VOLUNTEER** SLAVES WERE NOT **NECESSARY**... NOT WHEN **PRIME-PICKINGS** LAY **ROTTING IDLY** IN ANY **CEMETERY** OF MY CHOICE..."

MORGAN INGELS... ...I KNEW YOU IN **LIFE**... YOU WERE A STRONG **FIGHTER**... VERY **BRAVE**...

...UNFORTUNATELY YOU **DIED** WHEN YOU ATTEMPTED TO **ASSASSINATE** YOUR MILITARY PRESIDENT...

...THE **ALL** CAME OUT OF THEIR CRYPTS... THEY **ALL** CAME OUT TO HELP ME... THEY ALL **HATED** PAPA GENERAL... HE KILLED THEM **ALL**... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER... NOW THEY WANTED **HIM DEAD**... THEY SERVED NOT **ME** BUT MY **PURPOSE**...

...HOWEVER...

...NOW... YOU RISE UP AND OUT OF THAT CRYPT...

...NOW... YOU MAY RISE UP AND **OUT** OF THAT CRYPT...

...**I** NEED YOU **HERE**... ...**NOW**...

...I LED MY 'ARMY' TO THE MILITARY PALACE... THAT ARMY OF DEAD, SOUL-LESS THINGS... THAT CORPS OF EVIL, MINDLESS CORPSES BENT ON REVENGE... I LED THEM... HA HAHA HAHAHHAHA HA HA! ...PROUD TO LEAD THAT CORRUPT ZOMBIE COLLECTON OF DEAD POINTLESS THINGS... PROUD...
...I WAS THEIR NAPOLEON... LEADER OF MEN... IF NOT THE LIVING AT LEAST OF THE DEAD!!..."
"...THEY DESTROYED THE GUARDS AT THE GATE... AND WITHIN THE COMPOUND SURROUNDING THE GENERAL'S QUARTERS THEY DEMOLISHED THOSE WHO DIDN'T FLEE IN UTTER FEAR..."
"...NEVER HAS SUCH A DREADFUL SIGHT BEEN SEEN STANDING, FILLING A SINGLE DOORWAY... SUCH AWFUL HORRORS ARE RARE ...AS RARE AS THE HORROR ON THE GENERAL'S FACE..."

...HEH HEH...
...HEH HEH HEH...
HEHHEHHEH
"...I WAS CONVINCED PAPA WAS A GOOD AS DEAD... THEN HE PULLED THE THING FROM BEHIND HIS BACK AND WAVED IT IN FRONT OF HIM... GLOATING..."
YOU KNOW...
...WHAT I CAN DO WITH THIS, SINNER CANE...
...RELEASE YOUR HOLD ON THEM! LET THEM DIE...
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
"...I WATCHED MY PROUD ARMY DIE... I LET MY WILL SLIP FOR A MOMENT... I HAD TO ... HIS DOLL OF ME MADE ME..."
...PLACE YOUR HAND IN THE FIRE SINNER CANE... ...NOW...

YEEEAAAAHHH!
"...IT WENT ON ENDLESSLY...HE TORTURED ME TWENTY-FOLD FOR ALL THE YEARS OF TORTURE I HAD GIVEN HIM..."
...I FIND THIS ALL...MOST AMUSING CANE... TURNING THE TABLES ON YOU...AS YOU WELL KNOW VOODOO ONLY WORKS ON THOSE WHO BELIEVE...
...HA HA HA HA... HA HA...
AND YOU... YOU BELIEVE!
...DISGUSTING VILLIAN...
...YOU ARE... VILE...
"...FINALLY...I MANAGED TO THROW HIM FROM THE TURRET WINDOW OF HIS OFFICE...HE FELL 5 FLOORS ONTO HARD CONCRETE CEMENT... HIS HEAD WAS DEGENERATED TO BLOODY PUTTY WHEN I LAST LOOKED DOWN ON HIM..."

...BUT...
... YOU...
...WHAT ABOUT YOU...
...AND... HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO OVERCOME THE POWER OF HIS VOODOO... DID YOU WRESTLE THE DOLL FROM HIM SOMEHOW?...
"...NO... I NEVER DID... HE FORCED ME TO TAKE A GUN TO MY HEAD... ONLY AFTER I WAS ALREADY DEAD WAS I ABLE TO EXERCISE MY OWN WILL... I KILLED HIM... AS HE HAD KILLED ME...
...WHY IS THIS... 'THING'... STILL ALIVE? IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE VOODOO... BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER WHY... THE OTHER 'THINGS' WHO SIT AROUND THIS TABLE DO NOT WONDER...
...THEY JUST...CHOKE...
...NEXT: THE TALE OF ANOTHER...

NIGHTMARE

. . . ENTER WORLD'S UNDREAMED - FANTASIES UNKNOWN . . .
ENJOY THE MACABRE THING-WITHIN
DEFINED AS
A

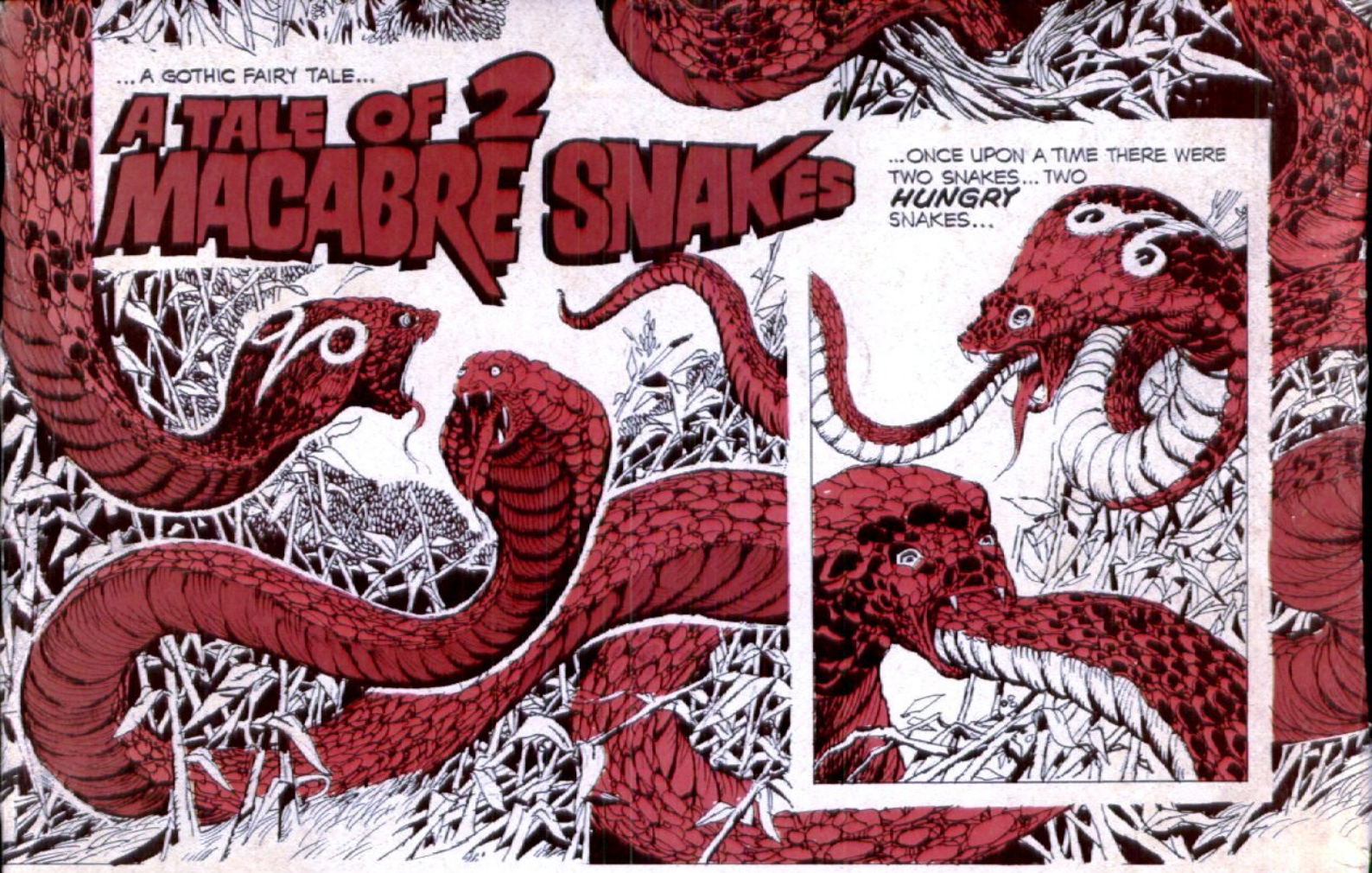
PSYCHO

. . . MACABRE . . . WEIRD . . . UNPRECEDENTED HORROR . . .
TERROR
VIOLENT ACTS OF VENGEANCE - STRANGE PLANS OF MURDER
CORPSES
GHOULS
VAMPIRES
MONSTROSITIES

reasons to read
SCREAM
NIGHTMARE
PSYCHO
. . . the HORROR-MOOD ones from SKYWALD . . . the 'MOOD' CORPORATION . . .

...A GOTHIC FAIRY TALE...

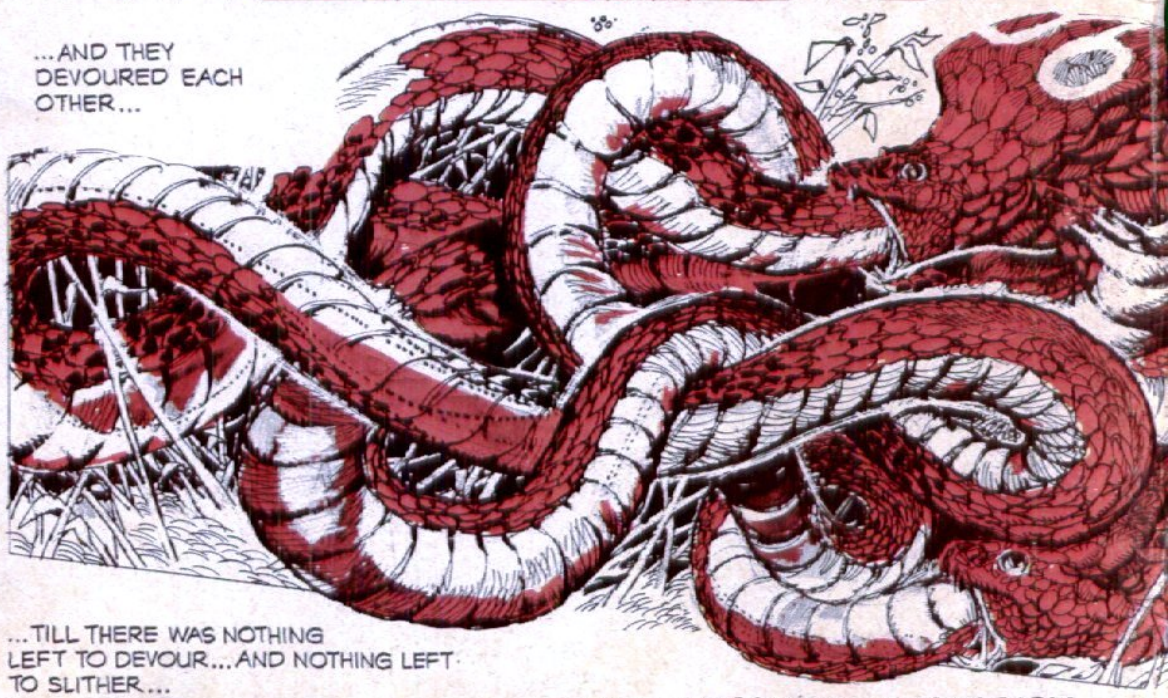
A TALE OF 2 MACABRE SNAKES



...ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE TWO SNAKES... TWO *HUNGRY* SNAKES...

...THEY SLITHER ABOUT AND ATTACK EACH OTHER'S TAILS...

...AND THEY DEVOURED EACH OTHER...



...TILL THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO DEVOUR... AND NOTHING LEFT TO SLITHER...

...AND THE ***MORAL*** OF OUR ***GOTHIC FABLE*** IS: ASP NOT WHAT YOUR STOMACH CAN DO FOR YOU ASP RATHER, WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR STOMACH...

...LEARN THE MEANING OF **HORROR** AS YOU LEARN HOW TO **SCREAM** INSIDE!!